VOGUE

ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE EDITION

see section facing page 78

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JULY 15, 1942 • PRICE 35 CENTS
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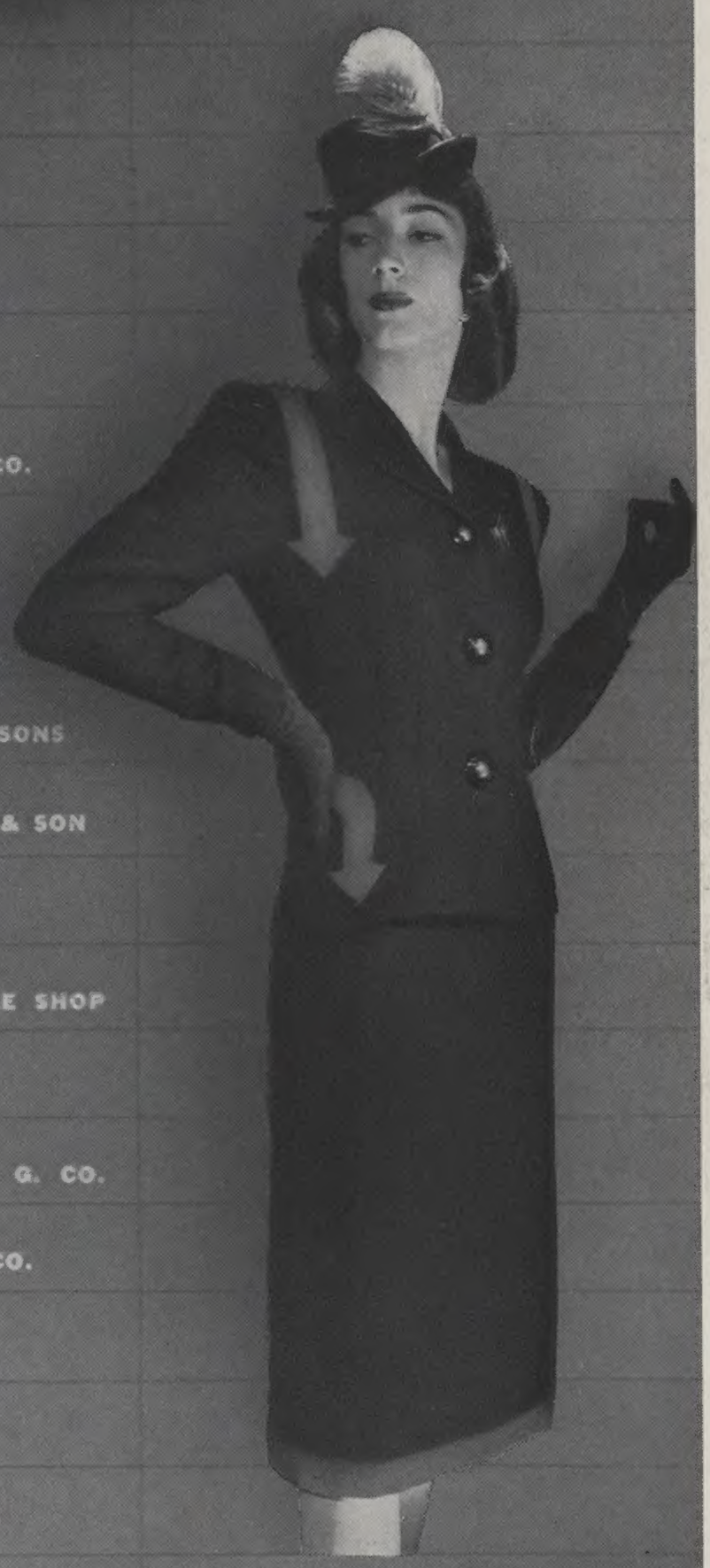

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VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

a directory of fine hotels and resorts

If you want further information about the hotels or resorts listed in these columns, write Vogue's Travelog, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

LATE JULY—EAST TO WEST

In whatever part of the country you are, late July still means vacation and relaxation.

Basin Harbor, Vermont: The Basin Harbor Hotels and Golf Club are holding the 15th Annual Golf Championship Tournament for men and women, from July 27 to 31. A "drive" for Defense Stamps is meant literally here, for stamps are part of the prizes! The Annual Tennis Championship Tournament for men and women, too, will be run off from July 21 to 24.

Biltmore, North Carolina: The week of July 20th means a sporting double-header for the Biltmore Forest Country Club —the 20th Annual Ladies Invitation Golf Tournament, and the play-off of the State Tennis Championship.

Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania: July, floral month in the Pocono Mountains is aesthetic accompaniment to the swimming, riding, golfing and tennis-playing at Buck Hill Falls Inn.

Colorado Springs, Colorado: A "different" treat for July's heat will be the Ice Review at the Broadmoor Ice Palace from July 23 through the 26th.

ARIZONA

TUCSON

Santa Rita Hotel. 250 rms. Tucson's Social center; Western hospitality & atmosphere. Excellent cuisine; Famous dance bands. Polo. Golf. Nick Hall, Mgr.

ARKANSAS

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK

Arlington Hotel & Baths. Arthritis, circulatory benefits. Waters owned and recommended by U. S. Government. Golf . . . Fishing. Write for folder.

CALIFORNIA

LAKE TAHOE

Tahoe Tavern. High Sierras. 216 miles inland. All sports. Grass golf course. 225 rooms. Fine food. Amer. Plan. Address Box D for folder.

LOS ANGELES

Chapman Park Hotel & Bungalows. Resort-living in Center of City—Hospitality—Entertainment—Swimming—Sports. Information. Harry Ward, Mgr.

COLORADO

BROOK FOREST

Brook Forest Inn. A Swiss Chalet at 8,000 feet altitude. Saddle horses. 400 acres private park. Excellent food. Write for folder. Edwin F. Welz, owner.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Broadmoor Hotel, in shadow of Pike's Peak, sports and social center of the Rockies. Metropolitan luxury, restful relaxation. Write for brochure.

EVERGREEN

Troutdale-in-the-Pines. Luxurious 140-room hotel, in heart of cool Rockies. 30 miles from Denver. Finest cuisine. All sports amid unsurpassed mountain beauty.

ROCKY MT. NATIONAL PARK—ESTES PARK

Stanley Hotel—Luxurious resort in heart of Rockies. Riding, fishing, golf, swimming, dancing. Bus daily from Denver. Write for illustrated booklet.

CONNECTICUT

GREENWICH

Kent House. An Inn of distinction catering to a selected clientele throughout the year. One hour from N. Y. Edward Clinton Fogg, Owner-Manager.

INDIAN NECK—BRANFORD

The Montowese. On the Sound. Secluded, protected location. All sports. Attractive rates. Restricted. 79 mi. from N. Y. Write for Bklt. C.N.

LAKEVILLE

Wake Robin Inn. 2½ hours from N. Y. by train. Quiet Charm. Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Riding. Spacious grounds and porches. Restricted. Booklet.

NEW LONDON

Lighthouse Inn. On L. I. Sound, Private Beach, Gardens. Attractive Rooms. Excellent Food. Amer. & Euro. Plan. Open all year. Maye Campbell, Mgr.

OLD LYME

Boxwood Manor. Secluded location. Sports, private beach. 3 hrs. from N. Y. or Boston, auto or R.R. Moderate rates. Restricted. May 15-Oct. 15. Folder CN.

SALISBURY

White Hart Inn—a New England Inn of distinction. Year 'Round Vacation Spot. Excellent rooms. Famed for its meals. Tap Room. Restricted.

GEORGIA

SEA ISLAND

The Cloister. Cool your cares at this famous seaside resort. All sports. Reasonable summer rates. Restricted. N. Y. Office, 630 Fifth Ave. CI 5-8055.

MAINE

BAR HARBOR

Malvern Hotel & Cottages. A distinctive hotel at Maine's famous resort. Cool, homelike atmosphere, highest standards of service. Reasonable rates. Bklt.

MARTIN POINT—FRIENDSHIP

Mayflower Inn on the Sea. One of Maine's finest small Colonial inns. Off the beaten path. Moderate rates. Brochure on request.

POLAND SPRING

Poland Spring Hotels

New England's largest and most famous inland resort now open for its 149th season. 5,000 acres of fun . . . Maine's finest 18-hole golf course, tennis, swimming, fishing. Dancing, movies. Superb food, service. All in a setting of breath-taking beauty. It's easy to reach Poland Spring by fast, direct train service. Moderate rates. Booklet V, Poland Spring, Maine.

WINTER HARBOR

Grindstone Inn. Atmosphere of a fine Club. Select clientele, thoroughly modern, no hay fever, rates moderate, booklet on request. W. O. Christian, Manager.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

The Belvedere. Baltimore's Finest hotel. Spacious rooms, superb cuisine, ideal location. $3.85 up. Some rooms air-conditioned, slight extra charge.

SHERWOOD FOREST

Sherwood Forest Hotel & Cottages. Near Washington and Baltimore. Restricted clientele. Salt water bathing, two golf courses, activities. W. E. Murray, Mgr.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

The Copley-Plaza

Nearest of all hotels to Back Bay Station. Handy to finer shops, theatres and cultural sights. A palatial hotel, beautifully appointed—superb in its service and cuisine. Dorothy Lewis and her Ice Revue now featured on the ice-platform of the lovely Oval Room. Single rooms, $4.25 and up. "So little more for the best." Chauncey Depew Steele, General Manager.

CAPE COD—CHATHAM

Chatham Bars Inn and Cottages. Ideal for your 1942 vacation. Secluded yet accessible. Swimming, tennis, all sports. Private golf course. Booklet.

CAPE COD—FALMOUTH HEIGHTS

Terrace Gables Hotel, overlooking Vineyard Sound. Fireproofed; warm bathing, safe for children, boating, fishing. Unexcelled cuisine. $6.60 up. June 13 to Sept. 8.

CAPE COD—OSTERVILLE

Oyster Harbors Club. Boston 2 hours. Donald Ross Golf Course, tennis, riding, sailing. 70° salt water —sheltered beaches. C. W. Wannop, Manager.

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The Northfield & Chateau. Active sports, interesting relaxation on our tranquil 250 acre estate. Spacious rooms. Traditional New England Hospitality.

GREENFIELD

The Weldon. A charming hotel in a beautiful Vacationland—golf, tennis, lake bathing, outdoor picnics. Listed "Adventures in Good Eating". Booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

MAGNOLIA

The Oceanside. Seashore and country. Highest standards. Private beach. Theatre. Cabin cruiser. Excellent rail service. Booklet.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—SIASCONSET

Beach House. Modern Hotel. On a bluff, swept by sea breezes. Wide stretch of moors. Outdoor sports. Private beach. Fine Cycling.

SWAMPSCOTT

New Ocean House on the picturesque North Shore. Seaside and country environment. Open May to October. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, President.

MISSISSIPPI

PASS CHRISTIAN

Inn By The Sea and Cottages. Always open. On private bathing beach. All sports. Paved roads. Climate ideal. Quiet, exclusive. Near New Orleans.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bellerive Hotel, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. Refined atmosphere. Zephyr Lounge. French Cuisine. Garage. Trans. or Perm. Endorsed by Duncan Hines.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HANOVER

The Hanover Inn on Dartmouth College Campus. Open All Year. American & European Plans. Outdoor Dining Terrace; Entertainment. Booklet.

SQUAM LAKE—HOLDERNESS

Holderness Inn & Lodge—Delightfully different. 350 acres in foothills of White Mts. Private beach. All activities. Open to Oct. 15. Bklt. B—Restricted.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—CENTER SANDWICH

Four Walls. Family mountain retreat where fireside and pine panels reflect early America and peace. Near resorts and lakes. 4 guests. Isabel Quinlan.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—CRAWFORD NOTCH

Crawford House. All Sports, Entertainment & Comforts of a First Class New England Establishment. No Hay Fever. Restricted Clientele. Booklet.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—FRANCONIA NOTCH

Hotel Franconia. You will enjoy this distinctly modern and fascinating hotel, beautiful grounds, all sports free. Reasonable. Restricted. Booklet.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—SUGAR HILL

Sunset Hill House. Amid mountain grandeur. A delightful resort, typically New England. Golf & tennis free to guests. Riding. Orchestra. Restricted.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY

Hotel Chelsea. A distinctive beachfront hotel. Outside rooms, sundecks, game room, superb French Cuisine, magnificent Bar. Booklet and rates on request.

SEA GIRT

The Stockton. One of the shore's finest hotels, facing 1000 feet of private ocean beach. Moderate tariff. Booklet. J. C. Waller, Manager.

SPRING LAKE BEACH

The Essex & Sussex. A complete and restricted resort hotel. Away from the crowd. Private Beach. 90 minutes from New York or Phila. C. S. Krom, Mgr.

The Monmouth. On Ocean, 68 Miles from N. Y. Private Beach. All sports. Bar. Grill. Terrace Cafe. Shops. Restricted. Moderate Rates. J. J. Farrell.

If you wish more complete information about any of the hotels listed on these pages, drop us a card and perhaps we can help you. Vogue's Travel Service.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS—BIG MOOSE

Twitchell Lake Inn. A remote Mt. Lodge 2050 ft. 2½ mi. from R.R. Car not needed. Planned activities. Private lodges for families. Restricted. Booklet.

CRAGSMOOR

Cragsmoor Inn. Country Club atmosphere 77 miles from N. Y. in Schawangunk Mts. Golf, tennis, summer theatre. Restricted. Accessible by train or auto.

FISHERS ISLAND

Mansion House Cottages—On beautiful Island 40 min. from New London. Ocean bathing, tennis, golf. Cars unnecessary. Restricted. 250 Pk. Ave., N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—ESSEX

Crater Club. Furnished cottages with baths, open fires, meals at Club. Sailing, bathing, tennis, golf. References required. Literature. Koert D. Burnham.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—WESTPORT

Westport Inn. In the Adirondacks—The utmost in recreational features or ideal relaxation. Direct train from New York—6 hours—Selected Clientele.

LONG ISLAND—MONTAUK

Gurney's Inn. On brink of the beach. Surf bathing, golf, deep-sea fishing. Comfort, simplicity, fine food. Select clientele. Meet trains by appointment. Booklet.

LONG ISLAND—MONTAUK BEACH

Montauk Manor. Golf, fishing, tennis, riding, surf and pool. Club privileges to guests. Finest resort life in America. Booklet. Elliott F. Bishop, Manager.

NEW YORK CITY

Allerton House for Women, 57th St. & Lexington Ave. New York's most select hotel for women. Friendly atmosphere. Rates: wkly. $10.50 up, daily $2.

The Barbizon, Lexington Ave. 63rd St. New York's most exclusive hotel for young women. Cultural environment. Weekly $12. up. Daily $2. Bklt. "V".

The Beekman, Park Ave. at 63rd. Infinite care for your comfort, quiet dignity for your background, a convenient and smart location.

Beekman Tower—49th St. at East River Drive. Overlooking River. Smart location. 400 outside rooms. Near shops, theatres, business. From $2.50. Booklet "V".

Beverly Hotel. 125 East 50th. Just East of Radio City. Large rooms and closets. Serving pantries. Single $4, double $6, suites from $8. PLaza 3-2700.

Gramercy Park—Famed hotel at legendary private park. Rendezvous of nation's great. $3. single, $5. double, $7. suites. Weekly, monthly. Booklet "V".

The Grosvenor, on Convenient Lower Fifth Ave. at Tenth Street. Single from $3.50, twin beds from $5. Suites with pantry from $140 monthly.

Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. American Woman's Club. Special floors for women. Daily $2.50 up. Weekly $12.75 up. John Paul Stack, Manager.

Hotel Seymour, 50 W. 45th St. Near Fifth Ave., theatres, shops, art galleries, Radio City. Refined surroundings. $4. single; $5.50 double; Suites $7.

Sherry Netherland. Fifth Ave. at 59th Street. "Where the Park Begins." Gracious living, famed cuisine. From $7 single, $9 double, $15 suites.

WATKINS GLEN

Glen Springs Hotel, a Famous Spa in America. Good Railroad Service. New York Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, Phone PE 6-9557.

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EAGLES MERE

Crestmont Inn. Superbly situated on Lake of Eagles (2200 ft. alt.). Golf, Tennis, water sports. Distinguished clientele. Folder. Wm. Woods, Prop.

EAGLES MERE

The Forest Inn

Easy to reach! Go by rail to Muncy, Pa. Bus to Eagles Mere. Located 2200 feet up in the Allegheny Mountains, complete with park, cottages, theatre and lake. Swimming, tennis, riding, sailing and other sports. Supervised play for children. Delicious food, moderate rates. Write for free booklet, make reservations now. Henry E. Kirk, Jr., Managing Director.

YOU WILL FIND IT OF ADVANTAGE TO IDENTIFY YOURSELF AS A READER OF VOGUE

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HERSHEY

Hotel Hershey. One of America's finest. Magnificent setting. Open year around. European and American plans. Four Golf Courses. All outdoor sports.

VERMONT

GREEN MOUNTAINS

Official illustrated vacation book. "Unspoiled Vermont" free; also describes other State publications. Publicity Service, 42 State House, Montpelier, Vt.

AVERILL LAKES

Quimby's Cold Spring Club. Distinctive summer home. Salmon & trout. Excellent stable. Main lodge; 20 cottages; restricted; acc. 70. Hortense Quimby.

BASIN HARBOR

Basin Harbor Hotels & Cottages. Riding, Golf, Sailing, Social & Sports program. Reached by plane, bus or train. Restricted. Bklt. A. P. Beach, Host.

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Dorset Inn. Charm of 1796—Comforts of Today. Golf—Tennis at door. Swimming—Trails. May 29-Oct. 15. Steam Heat. Fred Whittemore, Owner-Mgr.

LAKE MOREY—FAIRLEE

Bonnie Oaks Inn and Bungalows. Sports. 75 rooms with baths, fireplaces. Baby Oaks, supervised play. May-Dec. Folders. Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Page.

Lake Morey Inn, 100 rooms, 75 with bath. Our own 18-hole golf course, all sports. Selective clientele. Fine R. R. service. Booklet. W. P. Lyle.

MIDDLEBURY

Middlebury Inn—80 room Colonial Inn in beautiful New England village—Home of Middlebury College. All outdoor sports nearby. Railroad facilities. Bklt.

VIRGINIA

LURAY

The Mimslyn—Hotel of Distinction. 70 Rooms—baths—delicious food—riding—hiking—golf—Central gateway to Skyline Drive—Luray Caverns.

VIRGINIA BEACH

Cavalier Hotel and Country Club. Open all year. 2 golf courses, tennis, riding, fishing, heated indoor pool. Roland Eaton, Mg. Dir. Write for Booklet W.

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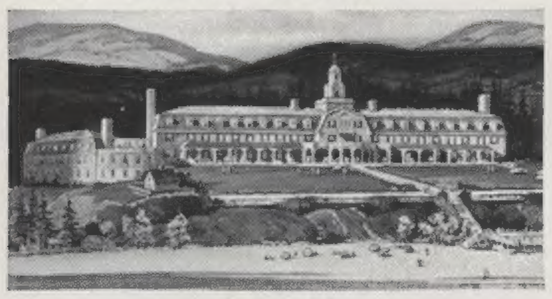
CANADA

QUEBEC PROVINCE—TADOUSSAC



New Tadoussac Hotel

A brand-new resort hotel where the Saguenay joins the St. Lawrence. Outdoor pool . . . golf . . . tennis. Six fishing lakes. American Plan, $7 up Single, $12 up Double. Special Weekly Rates. Season: June 27 to September 10. Apply Fred C. Brown, Resident Manager, or Canada S.S. Lines offices in principal cities, or Travel Agents.

DUDE RANCHES

COLORADO

Colorado Dude & Guest Ranches. Select from 30 top ranking ranches. Write for folders. Colo. Dude Ranch Assn., 219 Cosmopolitan Hotel, Denver, Colo.

NEVADA

LAKE TAHOE

Glenbrook Inn and Ranch. On most famous lake in West. Excellent golf, ranch, lake and mountain sports. One hour west of Reno on U. S. Route 50.

TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO

Gallagher Ranch. Sprawling, modern hacienda headquarters on a vast historic cattle ranch. Winter & summer. Excellent meals. Central heating. Restricted.

CANADA

SKOOKUMCHUCK—BRITISH COLUMBIA

S Half Diamond—operating ranch in Canadian Rockies. Fine horses, beautiful lake. Range & mt. trails, pack trips. Modern. Gt. Northern R.R. Bklt.

HOTEL MANAGERS

Write to Vogue's Travelog if you are interested in placing the name of your hotel before America's most discriminating audience.

BOOKLETS

for the asking

To simplify your shopping and learn more about many products advertised in Vogue, write to the addresses listed below for these booklets. All are free unless otherwise indicated.

BEAUTY

HEAD FIRST FOR BEAUTY

a brand-new edition of the Parker-Herbex booklet will give you directions for individualized hair treatments for the whole family, as well as answering some of your questions about what Parker-Herbex does for dry, oily or normal hair, how it affects permanents, finger waves, and so on. Parker-Herbex, 607 5th Ave., N. Y.

ANY WOMAN CAN LOOK LOVELIER

Here are comprehensive instructions on the care of oily or dry skin, how to give yourself special treatments, and a whole section on the art of make-up. There's a coupon in the back that you can fill out, giving your special problems, and mail in for detailed information. Barbara Gould, Dept. V, 35 W. 34, N. Y.

BEAUTY IS YOURS

is the name of the new booklet from DuBarry which describes the famous DuBarry Success School, DuBarry home treatments, DuBarry beauty preparations and how to use them. In these days when beauty is your duty this should be an excellent guide book to help you look, and therefore feel your best. Hudnut Sales Co., Dept. V, 113 W. 18, N. Y.

DETECTO

has a new "Diet and Charm Book", full of sensible advice on dieting without losing health. There are general rules on reducing, special diets to meet individual requirements, and a useful weight chart in the back. Please send 10c. Detecto Scales, Inc., 1 Main St., Brooklyn, New York.

TRAVEL

LA PROVINCE DE QUEBEC

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THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

and Banff National Park with all their natural beauties and recreational facilities are shown in full colour in a new booklet from Canadian Pacific Railways, Dept. V, Windsor Station, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE

is the subject of a new booklet of vacation suggestions, illustrated with pictures of the Lodge and the country around it. Rates and routes are given on the back. Mont Tremblant Lodge, Dept. V, Mont Tremblant, Province of Québec, Canada.

THE BARBIZON

for young women is attractively described in a new booklet that shows its library, recital room, swimming pool and terrace. A map in the front demonstrates its convenient location. The Barbizon, Booklet V, Lexington Ave. at 63, N. Y. C.

"YOUR HONEYMOON

at the Cloister" is the title of a folder of snapshots that illustrates just a few of the many advantages of a trip to this romantic inn. Dept. V, Sea Island, Georgia.

WARDROBE

SHOECRAFT

has a new summer booklet, with convenient order blank attached, featuring their latest styles, including a number of particular interest to women with long, narrow feet. Shoecraft, Dept. V, 603-5th Ave., New York.

BATHING-SUITS,

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HOUSEHOLD

FINE CHINA

made in the United States by Lenox, Inc., Dept. V., Trenton, New Jersey, is described in an illustrated booklet which shows actual steps in the manufacture of china as well as the finished patterns. Please send 10c.

"HINTS ON DECORATING

the home of your dreams," is the title of Sealy's 60th anniversary booklet on home decoration and furnishing. There are illustrated sections on Regency, 18th Century, Early American and Modern living rooms and bed rooms with detailed sketches of the furniture. A useful aid to the home-planner. Sealy, Inc., Dept. V, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

HOMES AND FLOWERS

is the third volume in the famous flower arrangement series by Laura Lee Burroughs. Here are eighty pages of new and effective arrangements, handsomely illustrated in full colour. Please send 10c to Coca-Cola Co., Dept. V, Atlanta, Georgia.

"RESTFUL SLEEP"

is the title of a new booklet that tells you how to put your linen closet on a war economy basis and make your sheets last years longer by following a few simple rules. For this timely booklet write to: Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Dept. V, Utica, N. Y.

CANADIAN SHOPPING

On your next visit to Montreal, make Morgan's one of your stops. This fine old store (it was founded in 1843) has a wonderful collection of imports, ranging from fine English china, including Wedgwood, Spode, Royal Worcester, to knitwear. A colourful new booklet, on request. Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd., Phillips Square, Montreal, Canada.

ENGLISH CHINA,

one hundred patterns in Mintons, Wedgwood, Royal Doulton, Crown Staffordshire and other famous potteries, are illustrated in a new booklet from Henry Birks & Sons, Dept. V, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. There is also a helpful page of customs regulations, and a price list.

PROFESSIONAL MIXING GUIDE

offered by the Angostura-Wupperman Corp., Dept. V, 155 E. 44, New York, is intended for professional barmen, but it should prove equally helpful to the average host. For this is a complete booklet giving the recipes for every standard mixed drink you've ever heard of (and quite a few you haven't, we'll bet). Here is a "must" for the public or private bar.

LEROUX'S

new booklet is called "The Best of Two Worlds" and describes how Leroux liqueurs combine the traditional quality of imported liqueurs with domestic prices. All the Leroux liqueurs are illustrated with recipes to go with each. Leroux & Co., Dept. V, 347 5th Avenue, New York City.

BEFORE DINNER AND AFTER,

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SCHOOLS

VOGUE'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

offers a selective list of private schools for boys and girls and vocational schools for adults, together with a page of helpful suggestions on how to go about choosing a school which will meet individual requirements. Vogue's School Bureau, Dept. 5 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Whole No. 1678

Vogue's ADDRESS of shops, services,

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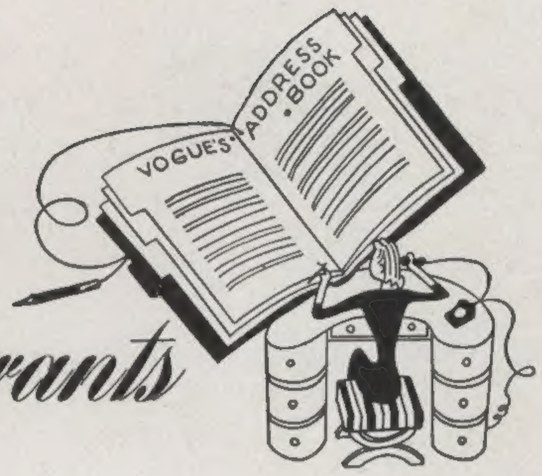

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GOURMET'S GUIDE

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NEW YORK CITY

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COVER DESIGN BY LIBERMAN

Holding open the cover of this issue—finger-tips wearing "Temple Fire," a Chen Yu Fashion Lacquer. Smiling over some of the laughing matter—a girl wearing Tabu's "Red-Red" lipstick. Bonwit Teller

VOGUE

incorporating VANITY FAIR

3 Hours' Reading Time

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JULY 15, 1942

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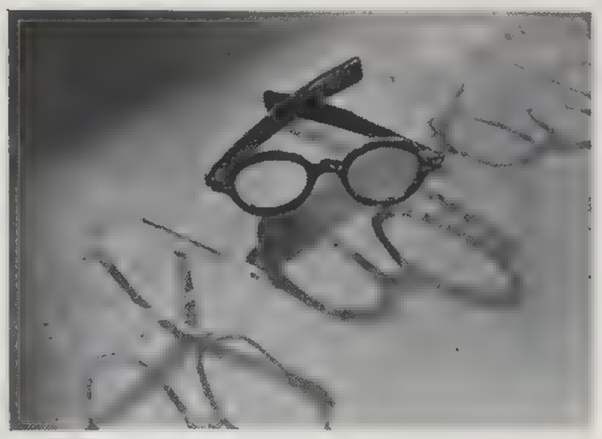
Shop Hound

Fresh as a Daisy. This enamel nosegay pin of white daisies with yellow centres has a pair of daisies to match, to clip to your ears. The set comes from Lederer de Paris (711 Fifth Avenue). Both pin and pair of ear-clips cost $2.75 each. They're perfect summer accessories.

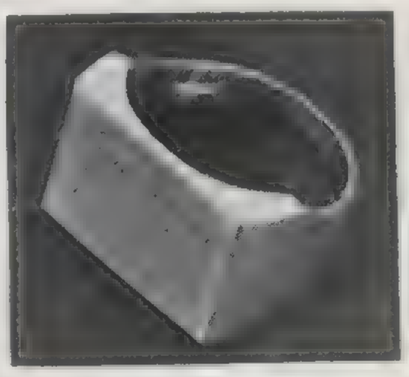


Spectacular Specs. This trio of glasses comes from H. L. Purdy, Inc. (506 Madison Avenue). Actually they are only the rims, waiting, of course, to be fitted out with your own lenses.

Each one has its own individuality, each its own story to tell.

For instance, the first pair, probably the most glamorous, is made of Lucite. This plastic, used here for the first time in eyeglasses, is peculiarly suitable to the job on hand. It is non-inflammable and feather-weight. These rims cost $18.

Next in line, those super-heavy, super-black rims. Many of our best myopic movie stars wear them. They've also been ordered by many Army officers, for their sturdiness and ability to take wear and tear. These cost $15. And finally the most feminine of all, these "butterfly rims." They are practically an addition to a young face, cost $8. Mr. Purdy will also delight in trying to design something especially for you, submitting sketches for you to choose from.



Rings on Her Fingers. Here's something new along these lines. It's an identification ring—both smart and practical. You can order it from Henri Bendel in sterling silver, $6.50. Or in gold for $38.50. (The engraving of your name and address is, of course, extra.) These rings are big, bulky, and beautiful.

Small Rancheros should love these brown-and-white huaraches. They are made right here in America, come from Boyle and Lassiter (322 Binz Building, Houston). Huaraches are the perfect play-shoe, and you and the "small one" can have identical pairs. For you, they cost $4; in wee sizes, only $2.50.

VOGUE STUDIOS

A Picnic. Though this is a stay-at-home summer, there will still be picnics even if you walk to them. And this natural-coloured rattan basket should take care of all picnickers' needs. It's equipped with six of everything, bright plastic plates, cups, plastic-handled knives and forks. Plus all this, the basket has ample storage space. Packed up for a picnic, it shouldn't weigh more than ten pounds. Costs $10 at W. and J. Sloane.

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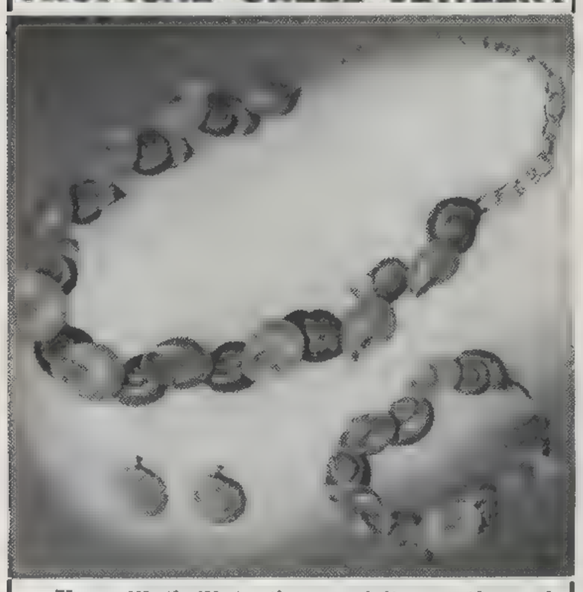

You will thrill to the exquisite creations of these unusual tropical jewelry accessories. Made of Ocean Shells in ultra-smart designs distinctly different from any other you have ever seen. Finished in soft-glowing, iridescent Mother Of Pearl, in alternate pastel-colored shells to enable you to wear these accessories with any dress or gown. Necklace and Bracelet both have plastic chain. Per set—$3.30—Earrings to match $1.50. (Tax Included.)

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Bookworm's eye view of Vogue

NIBBLING her way through the pages of this issue, above, is a bookworm. Actually, she has already nibbled her way through it—a three-hour undertaking—and emerged at the beginning.

But why didn't she emerge at the *end?* Because she is a lady bookworm, and ladies always read magazines backwards, especially in hot weather. Don't ask us why this is so; it just is. Drives us crazy, sometimes.

This time, we don't care. Because this issue can be read backwards, forwards, piecemeal, or altogether. This is our Summer Reader, designed to be read by people sprawled on the grass in the sun, or people resting up in hammocks in the shade, or people bicycling to market, or people sticking to their posts in town. Our Reader, like a good pot-au-feu, has a little of everything in it: fact, fantasy, philosophy, foolery. Plenty of meat, plenty of gravy.

On the meaty side...there are three factual, informative articles, done with great authority by Major George Fielding Eliot, Wilfrid Fleisher, and Glenn L. Martin. There is André Maurois' thoughtful outline for a war-proof philosophy of living. On the gravy, or plain, delicious side...there are reminiscences, enchantingly presented by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Sheila Hibben, Ivy Low Litvinoff. Irwin Edman, taking a philosopher's holiday, discusses humour. Ilka Chase takes up, and practically dismantles, the subject of interior decorating—*in re* houses, *in re* minds. Frank Crowninshield does hilarious justice to the hilarious bons mots which the late and celebrated Oliver Herford got off as easily as most people breathe.

And when, like the bookworm, you have gobbled your way through all these goodies, you will find yourself up front among the fashions: accent on first-furs-of-the-season, extra accent on hats. Hats which are newly untrimmed —and trim. Hats which are decorative—and undecorated. Hats which *belong* with the new, uncluttered look your costume will have. Good hats—we wouldn't be surprised if you, like our bookworm, emerge wearing one.

HORST

Just PLAIN *Pretty*

The UNTRIMMED *Look*

Hats Are Voluntarily Simple . . . Decorative . . . Undecorated

THE gentlemen in Washington don't care about your hat...officially, at any rate. The width of your skirt, the length of your jacket, the lining of your coat, the question of pockets, cuffs, lapels...these are all matters of concern to the W.P.B. Your hat, though, is different. It's still up to you. No decree says that it shall be large or small, heaped with flora or fauna or void of ornament, limited in size or shape. No laws are being laid down to deprive it of brim or band, veil or ribbon, quill or pin.

But law or no law, your autumn hat won't look as though you don't know what year it is. Even your hat will be observing that universal order...simplify. Voluntarily, it goes without daft decoration, renounces giddy frou-frou. It means to stay on your head without clutching, face anything that's on your calendar without looking incongruous, never go to pieces just because there may not be a taxi in sight. It means, in a word, to be just plain pretty.

Line, pure line, is the basic recipe for your new autumn hat. Any autumn... any season...that was a good recipe. This autumn, this year, it's even better. One of its favourite lines is ascending...crowns are going up. Crowns are rising in high, irregular contours, much as the one that you see on the opposite page. That hat opposite—that lady opposite, in fact, and her entire costume—could well be the model, the prototype, of the new untrimmed look...the "just plain pretty" look.

Your first autumn hat might be a *chéchia.* Like the perfect-example one opposite. *Chéchias* practically stay glued to your head...hard-riding Spahis wear theirs into battle, and they never blow off. Or perhaps you'll want one of the new, trim little fedoras—its crown high, its demeanour anything but masculine. Or a beret—great or small—berets seem to be here for the duration. Or you might have a cuff-brim hat—a neat hat with a wide, rolled cuff not unlike a miniature rubber tire. (Remember them?) Or it might be a 1942 poke-bonnet, rising to a peak on top, descending low over the nape of your neck. Whatever your hat's shape, it is likely to sit straight on your head...like the level-headed hat it is today.

Your hat may very well have a veil, but not a flyaway, dangling one. Dangling veils are as undesirable, right now, as dangling participles. Veils have gone purposeful; they're there, if at all, to tie your hat on. A plain ribbon may band your hat. Or a flat bow may sit against its side. Or—most likely of all—your beau's regimental insignia may be its sole, proud decoration. Your hat may be of felt...smooth, or beaver, or angora felt...or satin, grosgrain, corduroy, velvet, jersey, suède. Very possibly, it will be brilliant in colour—turquoise, red, purple, yellow, or multicoloured strips of velvet. The hat of your choice may even intrigue you into putting your hair up—many of them have been designed for that. In any case, it will be plain, plain pretty.

←—OPPOSITE—JUST PLAIN PRETTY

She's neat, and she's pretty, and the hat she wears is a perfect example of the new untrimmed look. It's a *chéchia,* of green felt with grosgrain ribbon. It sits low enough in back to be pinned on, elastic-less. Lilly Daché; Harzfeld's; Joseph Horne; J. L. Hudson

RAWLINGS

Trim Cape....

A new look...and an eminently logical one. A silhouette stripped of non-essentials, devoid of gingerbread. The hat—a trim, practically untrimmed little brown felt sailor. The fur—a trim, untrimmed nutria cape with a deep pleat and countless capabilities. Willingly and handsomely it will envelop town, country, evening clothes; can be your one-and-only fur; Jaeckel

Untrimmed Hat

Every inch a hat of 1942 is this orange felt one. Inches more height to the crown and that new unfussy, uncluttered look. Lilly Daché; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney. In the same trim, timely spirit is the cape of Persian lamb—a cape you can count on to do duty day and evening, a cape which is, happily and opportunely, as beautiful as it is dutiful. Revillon Frères

RAWLINGS

BIGGER THE COAT

Major investment—for durable beauty, for maximal warmth. A mink coat, magnificently full...for fur need follow no width rations. (The semi-detached lining is law-abidingly narrow.) Coat, and beige hat—Bergdorf Goodman

SMALLER THE HAT

THESE new hats are small, and they're simple, they're decorated sparingly, if at all. Sometimes, they descend low enough to require no elastic; always, they sit straight and level-headed.

TWO HATS IN ONE: a little cap of beige wool jersey, with an "over-hat" of brown felt. Braagaard; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Mink stole; from Gunther

LITTLE BLACK FELT: with beige velvet ribbon and tiny felt curls. Walter Florell; I. Magnin; Carson Pirie Scott

LITTLE BROWN FELT: straight-sitting, Molyneux imported by Stetson. Low in back; ergo, elasticless. At Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field; and Kaufmann's

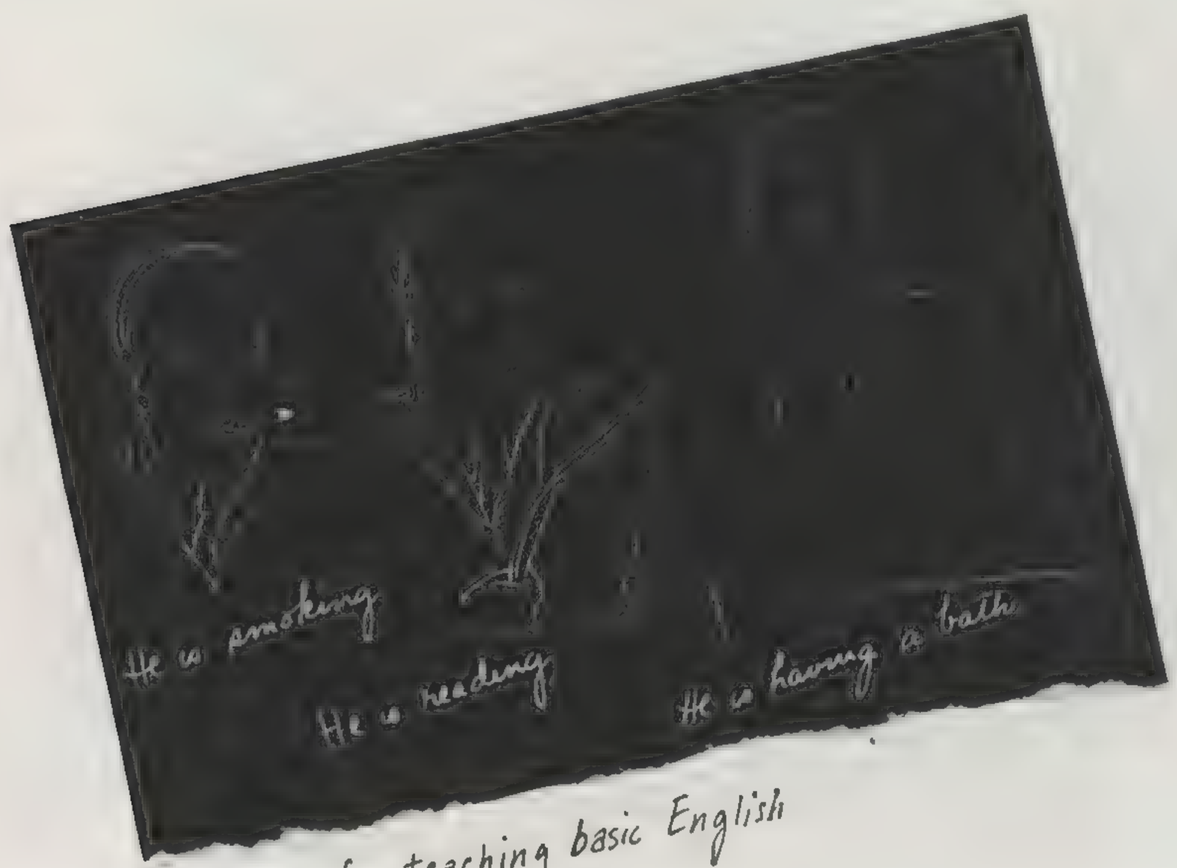
HORST

TWO LITTLE HATS IN ONE

LITTLE BLACK FELT

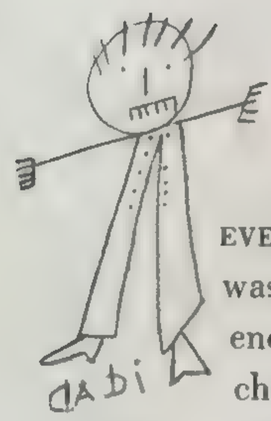
LITTLE BROWN FELT

Ivy Low Litvinoff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, Maxim Litvinoff



Sketches for teaching basic English

I WANTED



EVERY child loves a new book, but when *I* was a child the best book was one with its end-papers free of advertisements, for children were very sparingly supplied with paper in those days, and drawing-books were supposed to last a long time. All children draw. They only need plenty of paper and pencils, and their parents and guardians to keep off their necks.

One day I proudly showed my parents a "man" drawn in the margin of the newspaper—that man with rakes for mouth, hands, and feet, a single stroke for nose, and buttons for eyes, who figures on the pavements and walls of our civilization wherever there is a child and a lump of chalk, and who probably figured on the stones and walls of ancient Rome. I heard them discussing whether I had done it all by myself, or merely copied it from my nurse. Between them they settled that it was a slavish imitation of Phoebe's skill, and instead of being praised for creative achievement I was reprimanded for trying to steal credit.

This might have been a knock-out blow for the creative spirit, but I still went on drawing, and my mother (it looks like I can't keep my mother out of Vogue) decided, when I was about nine, that it was time I did a drawing which could be compared with "proper" drawings, as in books. She told me to copy something and show it to her.

WITH the audacity of childhood I accepted the challenge, and made a faithful copy of a bier covered with a pall, from a woodcut at the top of a story in my *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.* I suppose I selected it because it looked like an easy thing to draw. I feel pretty sure that I had no idea what it was meant to represent, nor, I believe, had my mother, but it is precisely this choice of subject that makes the memory authentic for me now, because it reveals the mind of a child, unhampered by adult associations, thinking only of its own convenience.

"Just another childish scribble," said my mother sadly, and from that day or thereabouts began a period of copying or, even more frequently, of tracing. I was determined to wring recognition from my gods, who, it appeared, were only to be appeased by copies of things they already had.

TO DRAW By Ivy Low

The ex-doodling career of a writer, who used to draw when she taught Russians their basic English

I don't believe I ever copied a good drawing in my life, though I must have done enough copies of very bad drawings to fill a dictionary. Picture postcards of children with bulging eyes and rosebud mouths came into fashion while I was at boarding school, and I hate to remember in how many albums I have perpetrated copies of them. I copied and traced—from photographic and half-tone illustrations in "The Studio"—maidens with yearning profiles, and a water-lily in their drooping locks, trees with layers of pancakes for foliage, quaint Christmas-card designs. Very 1905. But inquisitorial spirits sometimes found the body—crumpled tracings in a wastepaper basket—and then public disgrace fell upon me. "*You* never did that," I said to daughter Tanya. "I never had to," she answered. "My mother always admired my own drawings." She did, too.

I DOODLED my way through school. And this state of affairs persisted long after school days and ways were left behind. Every now and then I would confess to a sympathetic ear that I would rather be able to draw than anything else in the world. Every now and then a friend would say, "You ought to go to Art School!" And to Art School I would go, nourishing my own hopes and rousing those of my teachers, only to leave in a few weeks amidst general relief. A conviction grew up, shared by myself, that I was unteachable. I settled down to a lifetime of doodling, no longer even anxious to make an impression. Just doodling for doodling's sake.

Then I went to the Soviet Union, and for the first time my drawing was raised out of the doodling class. I began giving lessons in Basic English to large classes of adults; and at the blackboard, with chalk in my hand, I found it easier to explain grammar by pictures than in my halting Russian. The *Present Continuous* was just people doing things and going places *now*, so you could see them. And the sting is taken from the dreaded *Present Perfect* when you can see for yourself (from his swollen tummy) that the dog *has had* his dinner, and when a woman, pointing to an empty room, demonstrates that her husband *has gone* out (for he is not in).

I developed a very swift technique, possible only at the blackboard, and known, as I remember, to certain comics, who entertain their audiences by beginning drawing one thing and ending up with the picture of another. A man who had the moment before been enjoying a Winston cigar had it ruthlessly rubbed from between his lips, and a newspaper thrust into his hands, in time for the next pupil to say, "Now he is reading," and a second later he could be divested of a tie and newspaper by another djinn-like rub of the duster, and plunged into a tub, and now can you tell me what he is doing? Or four people playing cards appeared on the board, and for the next question three of them could be rubbed out, and the card table transformed into a grand piano, in front of the sole survivor, so that he is still playing, but not cards.

The answers came with a gasp of recognition, the way they should, and the little achievement, with the breathless attention it always secured, restored some of my long-lost confidence. But away from the blackboard I was the same old helpless doodler. (Continued on page 74)

Russian maid, reading

All sketches by Ivy Low

Ambassador Litvinoff, sketched by his wife

Road to Victory

At the Museum of Modern Art: America at War,
the inspiring photographic exhibit
chosen by Steichen, described by Sandburg

OF all the exhibitions ever held at the Museum of Modern Art, the most moving, the most dramatic is "The Road to Victory." No agency for regenerating morale could have been more perfectly conceived than this magnificent portrait of America, shown in a procession of photographic enlargements, some filling a full wall, all making a gigantic panorama.

All these five hundred or more photographs were edited in months of work by Lieutenant Commander Edward Steichen, great American photographer, who for years photographed for Vogue. Steichen chose the great Zion Canyon, wheatfields, churches, children, steel workers, dam builders, planes, bombers, battleships, Pearl Harbor, and, finally, marching armies. Matching these in epic quality are the legends by Carl Sandburg, nobly written, deeply felt. Together, picture and word enable Americans to see themselves.

The audience—sailors, soldiers, people

The creators—Sandburg and Lt. Comdr. Steichen

Continued on next two pages

KARGER

"Their country is 'the last best hope of earth'"—*Sandburg*

"In the beginning was virgin land and America was promises . . ."

"The people laugh. And the fat of the land is here

"Many people, many faces . . ."

"In their homes, their home towns, their churches, shops . .

"December 7, 1941"

"Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941 . . ."

"The fathers and mothers of soldiers, sailors, fliers, builders, workers . . ."

"Killers in khaki, riding smoke wagons—ready for long war or short."

"ROAD to Victory!" What a strange emotional trick it has played upon us; this huge, panoramic album of America to which, at the Museum of Modern Art, the world is crowding. And you who have yet to see it are certain to be similarly deceived, for you will, like the rest of us, begin your promenade along that pleasant road, with no more serious aim than to view the agreeable land of America.

You are certain to pause before some meadow, or coppice, and to note how sunny are the leas, how profound the primordial canyons. You will see many races and many creeds, composing a happy, contented people: old women singing; children laughing; the simplest order of folk, living out happy lives.

But, almost without warning, there will obtrude, into the country you have been traversing, a great army of cannons, battleships, sailors, bombers, destroyers, tanks—an entire arsenal of war—glorified by an army of marching men; soldiers, determined and unafraid.

And then something within you—as profound as it is mystical—is certain to stir; the deeply felt conviction that the land you have been noting so idly is, as you now see plainly, the mother who cradled you; your true mother whom, too long neglected, you must now defend.

RAWLINGS

INSEPARABLE TRIO – BIG BAG, WIDE BELT, FLAT SHOES

The Inseparable Three

The flat, flat shoe — the neat, neat belt — the big, big bag with a strap

There's news, there's necessity, there's a fine new look in these accessory trios. Flat heels to walk miles in. A roomy bag with a handy strap. An important belt. (N.B. L-85 skirts permit no fabric belts.)

1. Stetson's brown Bucko Oxford; $12. Belt; $5. Bag; $6. From Lord and Taylor

2. Brown calf shoe; $35. Belt to match; $15. Belted canvas bag; $28. Henri Bendel

3. Trio of rust grained-calf. Delman shoe; $13. Bag; $15. Belt; $6. Bergdorf Goodman

4. Threesome in black: tongue shoe of buffalo by British Walker; $13. Felt drawstring bag; $8. Belt; $6. Bonwit Teller

← **INSEPARABLE TRIO** (Opposite)

Three on a match—all, black Bucko piped in calf. Shoe; $13. Bag; $35. Belt; $9. String glove; $6. At I. Miller, 689 Fifth Avenue. Shoe also, Neiman-Marcus. The checked wool skirt; $9. Peck and Peck

1

2

3

4

The Big Twosomes in Colour

BEGINNING opposite is a four-page portfolio of this autumn's surprise-surprise colours. Surprise because you may have thought there'd be no brilliant colours this year. But these fabrics were dyed before priorities came in. So wear them with a clear conscience...it's lawful and lovely to begin the autumn brightly.

It's bright, this year, to take your colours double-strength. It's bright to envelop yourself in that vivid blue top-coat opposite and let it flip open to show a vivid green dress. It's bright to put a green jacket over a purply-blue skirt...and then dye wool stockings the same blue so that you're all one shade from belt to boot. It's bright to pair purple with black, as you see in the dress with the pseudo bolero on the next page. It's bright to slip your mink or nutria coat over a turquoise wool dress—turquoise plus brown is a big twosome this year. It's bright to combine yellow with black-and-white checks as you see on the fourth page.

It's bright, too, to have harlequin sleeves in a black dress—one sleeve in shocking-pink, the other saffron-yellow. It's bright to try trios of colour—say, a fuchsia jacket, purple skirt, pink blouse. Or quadruplets of colour—say, a red box-coat lined with leopard-stencilled lapin, worn with a yellow blouse and black skirt. And it's brighter than ever to have a surprise-colour lining in your coat—a red corduroy one in a beige coat—a black Persian lamb in a bronze-brown coat.

The Big Four in Fur Coats

This is a year—if there ever was a year—when the fur coat you buy will be bought with the wear-with-all idea. Choose a fur that is correct for both day and evening. Choose a coat (or a cape) that is smart both day and evening.

The designers have made both these things easy for you this year; for the favourite coat in any fur is the big, sweeping, super-generous coat with ample sleeves, deep armholes, small collar. So, if you are choosing a one-and-only fur coat, you will probably choose one of this big four: mink, Persian lamb, nutria, Alaska Sealskin. These four...the big four...amply and simply cut, can go over anything from tweeds to velvet, go anywhere from a country week-end to a dinner in town.

If, on the other hand, you are choosing a wrap for formal day and evening, a coat to supplement your all-purpose tweed or fur-lined or rough fur coat, then consider these: a cape or short coat of silver fox; a cape or three-quarter coat of black, black caracal; a cape or three-quarter coat (perhaps with a Chinese collar and Chinese armhole) of precious, pliable, fabric-thin broadtail.

And if you are choosing for all-day wear only, think hard of beaver, of muskrat, of lapin in its new guises. Think, too, of the brand-new school of blond and brunette furs which are, also, in a brand-new, pleasant price range. (More in August 1 Vogue)

Opposite - Bright Beginnings →

Beginning that four-page portfolio of colour is, appropriately enough, a coat in a new bright blue. The whole family of blues, which are touched off with purple, blaze on the autumn horizon. This wool coat has deep, hand-knitted cuffs. It's about $100. Extra—the hand-knitted hood to match. Both; Lord and Taylor; I. Magnin

Bright beginnings

Green wool suit, $30.
Black wool dress with
pseudo-bolero in purple, $30.
Carolyn Modes at
Arnold Constable,
Mandel Brothers

On the bright side
Turquoise wool and rabbit's-hair dress, peg-top pockets; $30. Henri Bendel's Young-Timers Shop

RKTSouché

ART AND CAMOUFLAGE

Picasso, war painting, and a smart French General

By Elliot Paul

THE first French soldiers in World War I. who went into battle against the Kaiser's Army, wearing the old uniform with bright red trousers, were such conspicuous targets that the Army reactionaries were forced to change to horizon-blue. But when airplanes began to reconnoitre, French Generals began to think of camouflage. Luckily, the French officer in charge of camouflage had had an amateur interest in the *avant-garde* artists; particularly in the painter, Bracque. He knew about Pablo Picasso, who was not subject to French conscription. He not only wanted to save his artist acquaintances from being wasted in the infantry, but he also wanted to keep them from being exposed to danger, which would risk a setback to the art of painting.

Consequently, as many Cubists as the General could find were transferred to his command. These painters began splashing dull snake colours on guns, tents, barracks, trucks, equipment, and even on the new helmets, which, a few weeks before, had been devised to protect heads from flying shrapnel. Battleships and troop transports were painted in angular, geometrical patches to render them much less vulnerable to eyes that peered through periscopes of submarines. Even after a warship could be seen, it could not easily be identified. Spies on shore or scouts in the air could not count the turrets and funnels, or even estimate the speed or determine the direction. At first these Cubistic creations were not thought beautiful, except by the artists.

BUT they became a part of the visual experience of millions of soldiers. Newspapers and magazines from one end of the world to the other reproduced them, and World War I. became Picasso's amplifier and multiplier. Gertrude Stein, one of Picasso's earliest supporters, whose acumen as critic and collector has become a watchword, said that World War I. brought Cubism into vogue at least thirty years ahead of time.

The Cubistic influence, which had its roots in modern science, machinery, and engineering construction, as well as in the impatience of the innovator with trodden paths, did not stop with painting. Interior decoration of all kinds reflected it. Furniture came out of the graveyards of antique shops and stood on modern feet, with modern lines. Silverware and jewellery shed outmoded ornamentation. And even food became simpler to look at and to attack.

In World War II., Picasso, with his mural, "Guernica," struck the keynote of the times, while the world around was wallowing in maudlin false security. "Guernica" was first exhibited in the Spanish pavilion of the Paris Fair of 1937, probably one of the most foolish, grotesque circuses ever devised for a docile public. While spies of all nations inimical to democracy were running wild on tourists' passes, preparing for the Fascist *Blitzkrieg* already crushing liberty in Spain, discerning visitors flocked into the modest Spanish exhibit to stand in awe before the painting "Guernica," Picasso's message from the martyred Basque town where new forms of total warfare had been demonstrated on civilians to the satisfaction of the New Order and the horror of the Old.

IN painting "Guernica," Picasso stripped his art to stark simplicity, using only the extremes, black and white, making thick, rigid lines with a brush capable of the refinements of Leonardo da Vinci. Cruelty and ruthlessness, among the relics of barbarism and superstition, stared out from that Republican wall after Manchukuo and Abyssinia had been recorded in Braille for the blindest politicians. The ruin of Spain was in progress. France, held together with stale mucilage, was the host. The public did not laugh. Spectators shuddered as if a goose had walked over their graves. Art turned on Hitler, arch-enemy of modernity.

Picasso, who had banished literature from art, now brought it back with a devastating impact, again a prophet of the days to come. For just before World War I. got under way, Pablo Picasso, inspired by the sight of angular rooftops and chimneys of his native Catalonia, was experimenting with his first Cubistic landscapes. He was working in Paris. Although international tension was beginning to be felt, the shapes and colour relations he remembered from boyhood came most readily to his hand and eye when he felt the stirrings that revolutionized modern painting. Others among his acquaintances and associates, notably Bracque, were feeling similar uneasiness with the French tradition of Impressionism that had developed in the last years of the nineteenth century.

Picasso was the despair of his dealers, who had begun to sell his distinguished super-Toulouse-Lautrecs of his Montmartre days. Believing that the energetic young Spaniard who had struck it rich would be able for years to turn out Lautrecs by the yard, the Paris wholesalers were the first to howl. And the untrained public roared with laughter at the first Cubist efforts. (Continued on page 78)

← Yellow, checks, yellow (opposite)

A dress which subscribes to the attractive theory that two colours are better than one...more about that, next issue. Black-and-white checked wool worsted, with a long, long, waist-whittling midriff of yellow wool jersey. $35. At Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field

People are Talking about...

PEOPLE Are Talking About...The Russian, British, American understanding, wondering what its practical effect will be...The most beautiful war photograph of them all, the one of the British soldier in a desert hospital tent, with his face turned to a small window...The luck of owning a Crosley car, which runs for miles on a smitch of gasoline (Nelson Rockefeller drives up to his office in a Crosley station-wagon)...The new radio program, "People Are Funny"...The red-hot fighting *Prelude to Victory*, James B. Reston's book that slaps down the smug...The bothered patriot whose harassing letters, asking to be of service to the Government, were finally answered thus: "Keep your pants on"...

PEOPLE Are Talking About...The train-shed of the Pennsylvania Station, with its masses of soldiers entraining, its dimmed-out lights, its iron girders, Gothic in the dark, frighteningly beautiful...The funny record, "Everybody Is Making Money but Tchaikowsky"...Gypsy Rose Lee, more superbly vulgar than ever in the new uptown burlesque-y show, "The Star and Garter"...Three-handed Gin Rummy, a dangerous, difficult game, no joy-ride for the uninitiated...The new, cautious *Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, who cautiously do not commit themselves...The Little town of Lidice...

PEOPLE Are Talking About...The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, which is just starting training...Elmer Davis...The wave of Royalties, who have come or are coming—King George II. of Greece, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, King Peter of Yugoslavia... E. B. White's book, *One Man's Meat*, casual, amusing, deliberate as a hypodermic stab, part Maine farming, part universal sense, mixing them when he writes, for example, about refusing to cull or, as he says, to purge, his hens: "Those that like to lay eggs can do that: the others can sit around the groaning board, singing and whoring"...

PEOPLE Are Talking About...The next elections and the sometimes forgotten importance of voting into office some high-minded men who will have to deal with after-war problems...The heartbreaking episode in "Tales of Manhattan," the new movie in which Charles Laughton swipes the light away from Boyer, Ginger Rogers, and some half-dozen other stars...Women taxi drivers, women of the Red Cross Motor Corps driving city hospital ambulances now...Sending money to buy food for the Greeks...Buying War Bonds...The newest vaudeville show, "Laugh, Town, Laugh!"...*The Eight Million*, Meyer Berger's new book; slightly macabre, not too whimsical discoveries about some New Yorkers—the odd ones, the freaky ones, the really fascinating ones...The flagellant writers who keep beating their breasts happily now over the error of their days when they lived on the downy delights of soft civilization...Libya, always Libya...

PEOPLE Are Talking About...The technical knowledge of the little eight- and nine-year-old boys who talk learnedly among themselves of Airacobras, Spitfires, and Messerschmitts...The void in museums and the melting Toulouse-Lautrec posters in the new poster show at the Metropolitan Museum. The new book, *The Unvanquished*, a story of George Washington without any of the elephantiasis that swells out historical novels. (In it, Washington is doubting, tired, honestly scared.)...*Yank*, the Army newspaper, with its full complement of wistful poetry, flanking practical advice on how to break an enemy sentry's spine...The innumerable wonders of the new extravagance, "This Is the Army," with its soldier actors, its Irving Berlin score, its sketches by practically everyone...The effect now of Coral Sea, of Midway, of the Aleutians...And always, Russia...

KARGER

ENSIGN ANTHONY A. BLISS AND MRS. BLISS

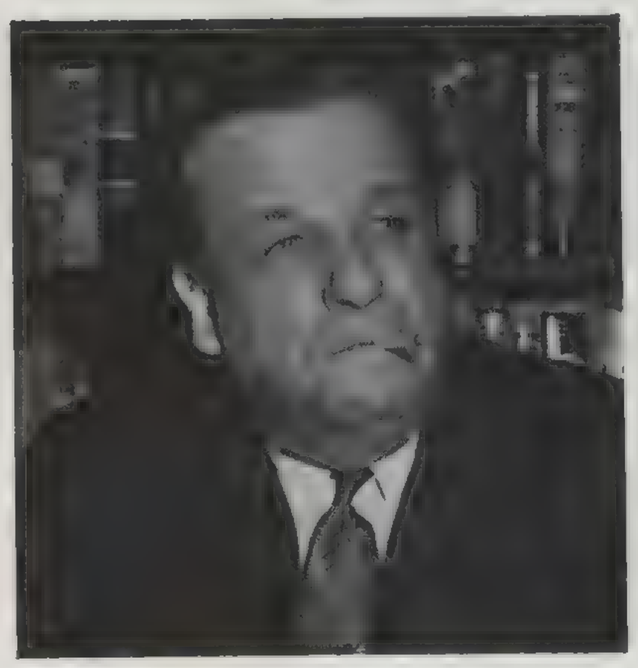
Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, both have new rôles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius N. Bliss, Mr. Bliss was youth director for the Fight for Freedom Committee before joining the Navy. Mrs. Bliss, the former Jo Ann Sayer, was star of "My Sister Eileen," before she gave up the theatre to become a Navy wife

Vogue

Ilka Chase

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Frank Crowninshield



Major George Fielding Eliot

Glenn L. Martin

Sheila Hibben

Irwin Edman

Wilfrid Fleisher

Elliot Paul

André Maurois

Sir Thomas Beecham

Authors

They write for us; on fun and philosophy, war, music, and food

Frank Crowninshield

When Frank Crowninshield tells a story, it is seldom secondhand. He was there. Born in Paris, he spent much of his childhood in Italy; was educated in part by Jesuit priests. For twenty-five years, he was Editor of *Vanity Fair,* discovered innumerable writers and artists who are now famous. A confirmed diner-out, he danced cotillions at Mrs. William Astor's, knew all Broadway for forty years.

A bachelor, member of many clubs, he is now Fine Arts editor of Vogue, a collector of books and primitive sculpture, a tireless toastmaster.

Sheila Hibben

She talks about food on page 53 and talks about food most of the time. She is *The New Yorker's* expert on food, now is designing menus for the new garden buffet luncheons at the Museum of Modern Art.

She wrote a book about food (*A Kitchen Manual*) and studies the history of American eating habits. Once she was called to the White House to tell the Roosevelts about the favourite recipes of the early presidents—Democrats, she says, were the best eaters. She herself is Southern as corn pone, and her most masterful recipe is a superb cold cucumber soup.

Elliot Paul

When Elliot Paul was about to go to Hollywood for the filming of his new book, *The Last Time I Saw Paris,* the employees of his publishers gave him a party. Paul had two pianos sent up and played boogie-woogie with a Negro pianist.

This round, jovial man, who looks and bounces like a basketball, has been a surveyor's assistant in lumber camps, a soldier, correspondent, and author of a most moving story about the Spanish Civil War, *Life and Death of a Spanish Town.* Between times, he comes back to his "Pumpkin Hill Farm" in Connecticut.

Ilka Chase

She left little to be said about herself when she wrote her streaking success, *Past Imperfect.* The daughter of Vogue's Editor-in-Chief, she has packed four careers into one life. She is a writer; an actress, notably in *The Women;* a radio Name, notably in "Luncheon Date with Ilka Chase"; a lecturer, she toured the U. S. recently.

Now she is in Hollywood, where she was called Public Enemy No. 1. A few days after she finished acting with Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager," she started to play Claudette Colbert's sister in "No Time for Love."

Major George Fielding Eliot

He is military analyst for the New York *Herald Tribune* and Columbia Broadcasting System. Educated in Australia, to which his family moved from Brooklyn, he fought with the Australian Imperial Force at Amiens in the last war.

Maps are his pleasure; one huge world map fills a whole wall of his office. Back of his desk are 1,500 books on military science. Jutting-jawed and impassive, he spends six days a month in Washington, predicts now that the offensive will be with the United Nations.

Irwin Edman

A philosopher who likes to tell jokes, he has lectured for twenty-four years at Columbia; his best course, a Plato seminar. He likes to collect Mozart records, to write poetry, to travel, to sit in a Vermont village. His best-selling *Philosopher's Holiday* held these reaching interests.

He still looks much as he did when, a year out of college, he met his old teacher, Felix Adler. The professor inquired what he was doing now. "Teaching," said Mr. Edman. "Teaching what?" asked Adler. "Philosophy," said Mr. Edman. The old man beamed. "How cute!" he said.

André Maurois

A facile lecturer and writer, as easy in English as he is in French, he couldn't find time to write until he was a soldier in World War I. Before that, he managed a textile mill in France. His first biography failed on publication. He re-wrote it and turned out the book that made him famous, *Ariel: the Life of Shelley.* Since then he has written biographies on many men, from Voltaire to Dickens.

Now he lives in New York, in an apartment that looks completely French, with flowers that he likes to grow and arrange himself. He is busy writing his memoirs.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

This novelist is Florida's best agent since Ponce de Leon. Although she seems native to the State, she was born in Washington, studied in Wisconsin, worked on newspapers in Louisville and Rochester before she came to the orange grove she wrote about in her new book, *Cross Creek.*

The author of *The Yearling* is as good a shot as she is a cook and no mean botanist—she delights in the pungent Nature names that spice Florida back-country talk, names like shipoke and scaper. On page 42, she writes about her grandmother.

Glenn L. Martin

He lives planes, heads a huge bomber plant in Baltimore, where he produces 500 planes a month. His fateful interest in aviation grew as he flew kites in Kansas. He built his first plane in a California church, financed his first factory by playing the villain in a Mary Pickford movie and by barnstorming at country fairs.

Now the village of his 125,000 workers will be Maryland's second largest city; and the Government has just congratulated him on the work of his doughty B-16 bombers over the Aleutian Islands.

Wilfrid Fleisher

He writes on page 44 about a subject he knows as Iowans know corn. Since 1914, he has lived in Japan, where his family owned *The Japan Advertiser.* He edited it for eleven years, in spite of the 1923 earthquake, which left him temporarily managing a hole in the ground.

He has a sharp sense for scoops—in 1918, the story of the Czar's murder; in 1936, the Berlin-Tokyo Pact, a story he telephoned 7,500 miles to avoid censorship. His book, *Volcanic Isle,* is a gospel for dinner-table authorities on Japan. Now he is on the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Sir Thomas Beecham

For the past year, he has been conducting the great orchestras all over the United States, spent eight weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House. The efficient founder of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, he began conducting when he was fresh out of Oxford, has seldom stopped in forty-two years.

He pulled British music through the last war, held three opera seasons a year, directed two orchestras. When he conducts, he sings, curses, whistles. Now he is in New York, finishing up his book, *A Mingled Chime,* a fighting, controversial semi-autobiography.

"Fanny—You Fool!"

My wonderful, impudent grandmother who had a Beauty's ways

BY MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

All my life I have watched beautiful women in the manner of a small boy peering in a pastry window. Women were surely intended to be beautiful, and it is a low trick on the part of Creation to make some of them ravishing and to give Phi Beta Kappa keys to the rest of us as a sop. It is only as middle age has moved in that I have discovered the compensations of being born "plain." The greatest of these is that where the glamour girls of my generation have lost all, I and my kind have had nothing to lose. And a great understanding has dawned on me, as well, that the beautiful woman has a certain philosophy that makes her desirable. This philosophy may be had by any woman. My maternal grandmother possessed the quality in the highest degree.

Fanny was not beautiful. She was too small and too impudent. She was pretty, and I think the prettiness itself came largely from the impudence. She was five feet two at most, pleasantly plump, with naturally curly hair and eyes as blue as an April sky and with the peculiar wickedness of a kitten's. But what gave her her charm was what Grandfather called her foolishness.

Many a woman would have lost all charm under the circumstances of her life. She came of Michigan pioneer stock, as did Grandfather. They were married when she was sixteen and he was nineteen. He had his own inherited farm of some two hundred acres, and they set out, a pair of children, by our notions, to make a life. Grandfather, to the day of his death at eighty-odd, was always fatuously enamoured of her. Abe was six feet four, lean and awkward, with no sense of humour with which to defend himself against her super-abundance of it.

As a young mother, she appeared at the back door of the farmhouse one day completely disguised as a tramp. How she evaded her offspring to get into her rig of ragged trousers and shirt, straw hat and false mustache, I would not know, but there she stood, growling a demand for food. Honest and solemn Abe having warned his young against such predatory folk, they set upon the intruder with broom and shovel. It was only when her shrieks of laughter gave her away that they recognized with horror that the vagrant was their female parent.

Fanny's Nonsense, Grandfather Called It Charm

She played one practical joke with never-failing success on her sober husband. He would drive to the village on business, and returning at dusk, drooped in all his length and brooding earnestness over the reins, would see a white-sheeted apparition jump out from the bushes under the heads of the horses. The horses never became accustomed to Fanny's nonsense, either, and would bolt and run with satisfying regularity. Arrived at the house, the horses at last under control and stabled, Abe would find Fanny rocking placidly and would storm in on her, shouting, "Fanny—you fool!"

She was the only human being who could upset him. She managed this in all ways known to such a female. Being a presumably settled married woman, she wore her lovely chestnut curls piled in a discreet knot on the top of her head. But until her children were full grown, Abe would beg her to come to him where he was at work. There he would take the pins from out her hair so that it fell in a whirlpool around her face and shoulders. He would run his long, bony fingers through it, and I have sometimes wondered indiscreet things about the beginnings of some of the seven children.

Typically, Fanny delighted in telling it on him that, for all his Puritan severity, he loved to have her play the hussy. On these occasions, again, he would rise, even in old age, from his chair and bellow, "Fanny—you fool!" Then he would subside and sit watching her by the hour, unaware that his grave face was luminous with his idolatry.

Her Household, Casual, Humorous, Efficient

He was not alone in his adoration. Her kitchen, her pantry, her cellar, her dining-table, enslaved her grandchildren. She managed her household and her cuisine with casual efficiency. I have never, at any great table, amateur or professional, eaten more delicious food than she served daily as a matter of course. An enormous kitchen garden adjoined the poplar-bordered lawn. Through a wicket gate we entered a Paradise of lush rows of peas, corn, squashes, all varieties of beans, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, herbs, and strawberries. At the far end were heavy bushes of raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, and currants.

To one side were grape arbours of Concords, Niagaras, and Delawares. To the other side were all manner of fruit-trees: peach, pear, cherry, plum, apple. It was only this abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables that prevented Fanny's groaning table from killing off the whole family in early youth. There was always a divine odour in her house, and I finally traced it to the raspberry tarts always in the pantry, to the buckwheat honey in crocks, to the molasses cookies forever on tap, and to the black walnuts and hickory nuts waiting to do their bit in a salad, a layer cake, or a batch of cookies.

A Beauty's Ways, She Played to Her Gallery

The food would account for the devotion of Fanny's grandchildren. But, above all, we loved her for her absurd tricks. Of many of them I dare not tell. But I remember that in her latter years we made excuses to invite strange children into the house, solely to show off one of her accomplishments. She would be sitting innocently and would suddenly and unconcernedly protrude her false teeth and roll her eyes at the visitors. This appalling picture invariably brought shrieks of delight. From Abe it brought, out of habit, the old "Fanny—you fool!" Then he would beam at her.

The key to Fanny is that she was sublimely herself. She was not indifferent to those who worshipped her, certainly, or she would not have played so to the gallery. But she quite simply went her own way, saucy, ribald—and took admiration for granted. It came to her as a moth flies to the flame. The point of view is natural to a beautiful woman. I recommend it as well to the merely pretty and to the plain.

Décor and the Morons

Is it only the mouse-minds who have a flair for fine living?

BY ILKA CHASE

DUE to my close association with the editor of this magazine over a period of many years, I have become definitely taste-conscious. This does not imply that I have impeccable taste—I have not. My only merit is that I admit it—which, I think, is white of me, as our tendency is to take it hard when either our taste or our humour is impugned.

Few of us mind having our morals questioned—indeed, that is rather pleasant, and we feel quite rakish and debonair and flirt our tails in the sunshine of contumely, like bluebirds on a summer day. And rumours, tall or ominous, involving lovers, murders, and the ruthless crushing out of rivals—these we accept with pretty deprecation, implying ever so subtly that they are probably true; but let anyone murmur that our taste is not Elsie Mendl's, that Mrs. Harrison Williams has a surer eye for line, or that our humour is sporadic, and, stranger, you had better smile.

Yet if taste per se is a controversial subject and therefore stimulating, it becomes doubly so, to my way of thinking, when coupled with culture. Coupled, that is, in this article, as it has never been my observation that they go together in life. Champagne and headaches, love and trouble—where there's one you'll find the other.

Not so with taste and culture. The more astute critics and most college professors, writers, scientists, and musicians —the studious and penetrating minds, in many instances—abide in deserts of tastelessness. Their surroundings, when not Renaissance (and when it's not Renaissance, it's news—despite the few devotees of a bastard Louis the Hotel style), are strictly turn-of-the-century bungalow—oak tables, wicker chairs, and stained-glass lamp-shades. One is swamped in a sea of cretonne, puce rosebuds on a field of buff—and melancholy screens of brown burlap in black frames are highly popular. Marble Dianas loom from the gloom, and on the damasked walls of musicians the Highland Cattle graze.

Why is this? Why should knowledge and taste be incompatible? It is not necessarily due to lack of funds, as even among the erudite there are those who are deep in the chips. It must be something in the academic mind which precludes the light touch in the home. Perhaps they consider it a manifestation of frivolity, and, of course, in a discouraging sort of way, they are right.

THOSE who live in the enchanting houses, who choose their clothes with unerring instinct, who serve the succulent food more delicate than the steak, more inventive than the fowl, are not necessarily rich, though, of course, there are times when they are thickly encrusted in shellac, but all too often they are the light-weights of the world. If they are hard workers, it is in superficial fields—they are indubitably successful, and they are just as indubitably the surface froth.... But though they are not the depth-plumbers, they live with charm, comfort, and intelligence. Surely that is not a little thing.

Domestically speaking, they are the advocates of the gay chintzes and the pure lines. Simplicity and dignity in architecture enchant their frivolous hearts; austere fabric, natural woods, and the sophisticated and vibrant painting of the modern masters enhance their surroundings. They know that an open fireplace is one of the greatest blessings bestowed on man, and they eschew with repulsion the depraved gas log hissing in the green-tiled fireplaces of the academicians.

But how baffling it is. If the tasteful ones can achieve grace in their material lives, why can't some of that sure and subtle instinct be reflected in their intellects? Why are they frequently nitwits, and why are those whose eyes and ears apprehend the universe usually insensitive to the value of harmony in their immediate surroundings?

Surgeons, who, one would think, would have developed an exquisite sense of proportion and the fitness of implements, turn from the chill and satisfying beauty of the operating rooms to a seething cauldron of silk cushions, story-telling pictures, and bronze ash-trays. I suppose they relish the change, but surely with a little effort they could achieve warmth and colour and good taste to boot.

Some of the greatest literary minds are perversely attracted to the dainty, a word which makes me shudder, and their homes erupt with silver filigree candy baskets and Lalique bottles. There is, however, some cause for optimism, as I believe we have passed the dreadful era, the peacetime parallel of the Blitzkrieg, of telephones hidden under the taffeta skirts of bisque-faced dolls.

I AM not enough of a psychologist to know whether or not it is true that with training we may accurately analyze character from facial contour and expression, but I do know that physical surroundings need not be indicative of mental caliber or the spirit's aspiration. What I have yet to fathom, is why this is so. Of course, in the vast majority of cases, there is little taste and less culture, and, in a sense, that is a relief, as it poses no problem and our addled pates are free to speculate on the war's duration, the World Series, and the ratio of luck to skill required in Gin Rummy.

The more virile of the modern painters frequently live with gusto amidst considerable discomfort and grime, but their milieu is attributable to the trade they ply and their usual impecuniosity. It has also the great virtue of all natural habitats —it is germane to the life which is lived therein, and is infinitely preferable to the recherché studios of the willowy young men with the hard eyes, sleekly painting their sleek and hard-eyed clients.

There is something stimulating and right about a true workshop. There is stark beauty in a grand piano unencumbered by Spanish shawls and kings in silver picture-frames, but it is more beautiful on a concert stage or in a sparsely furnished room, than engulfed in a Turkish cozy corner. Why is that musician who is uplifted by Bach not suffocated by the cozy corner? The fact remains that he is not, and those same artists who writhed with shame at Mr. Walt Disney's debauching of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony in "Fantasia," are able to gaze unmoved upon the beer mugs round their dining-room walls and the batik upon their wives.

Ten Answers on Japan

Concerning women, humour, horror, politics—and the hard laws of Bushido

BY WILFRID FLEISHER

1. Who is the most powerful man in Japan?

Although the key-man is generally a mystery in Japan, there is no mystery about it now. He is General Hideki Tojo, Premier and War Minister, who comes nearer to being a dictator than any other man in Japan.

Known as *kamisori*—meaning razor-blade—Tojo is sharp, ambitious, ruthless. A fanatic who would sacrifice everything to his rôle as empire builder, he is the former chief of the dreaded Military Police (Japan's Gestapo) in Manchukuo. He knows the worst methods and how to use them. He is anti-foreign; anti-Russian and anti-British; and he has no liking for Americans. Four years ago, he warned that Japan would have to fight a war simultaneously against both China and Russia. His only foreign experience was in Germany, where he served as a resident officer attached to the Japanese Embassy at the close of the last World War.

Tojo is five and a half feet high, round-shouldered, and has a slovenly military appearance; his hair is closely cropped, and there are bald patches which give his head a mangy appearance. He has a short, bristly mustache, not unlike that of the Emperor's, and wears spectacles—his face is an inscrutable mask. A hard worker, he slave-drives his subordinates. He lives, like many Japanese officers, on the border of poverty, drinking hard and eating little.

Several years ago when I interviewed him, he was chief of a section in the War Department. Then he appeared sullen, spoke in brief, sharp sentences, and kept his eyes glued to the table in front of him, never looking me straight in the eye. His wife is the mother of seven children and a strong supporter of the Government's campaign to increase the birth rate. Tojo believes the children need little education other than to learn to stand on their own feet.

2. What is *Bushido?* Does this ancient code for war still hold good in modern Japan?

Bushido, literally "the way of the warrior," is a feudal code of warrior conduct, for which there is no precise definition. It is based on tradition and precedents, recorded in legend and history. Loyalty to a master is stressed above all else, even beyond the dictates of filial piety, which entail heavy obligations in Japan. In feudal days, it was a one-sided code which compelled a retainer to sacrifice his life out of loyalty, but did not call upon the master to respect the rights of his vassals. Although it taught a wife to sacrifice herself for her husband's sake, it did not teach a husband any corresponding obligation toward his wife. It has accounted, therefore, in no small part, for the inferior position even now of Japanese women.

Nowadays, *Bushido* still governs the actions of a Japanese soldier and requires him to sacrifice his life unquestioningly for his Emperor. It explains much of the fanaticism of the Japanese soldier in the field. But the code is no longer observed with the same severity, and Japanese do not commit suicide or sacrifice their lives as freely as they did in feudal times.

Bushido taught its followers to keep the mind unmoved by emotion, not to rest until vengeance was achieved, not to draw the sword except in earnest. It also taught not to hit an opponent when he was down. When France was on the brink of defeat and Italy stepped into the war, many Japanese remarked that it wasn't *Bushido*. But when Japan invaded Indo-China over the prostrate body of France, Japanese no longer thought in the strict terms of *Bushido*.

3. What accounts for the Japanese conduct at Nanking—what makes the Japanese soldier so cruel?

A Japanese civilian, when he puts on military uniform, is transformed. He becomes immediately arrogant, self-inflated, officious. He fancies himself a personal representative of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven. Thus, inconspicuous office clerks and sons of farmers become cruel conquerors, taking pleasure in mass killings and rape, such as those at Nanking and Hong Kong. The inferiority complex of the downtrodden worker, the product of generations of virtual serfdom, becomes suddenly a superiority complex which knows no bounds, and is accountable for the manner in which the Japanese Army has run amuck.

4. Are there any women's organizations in Japan such as the American Women's Voluntary Services, the Garden Clubs, or Parent-Teacher Associations?

There are scores of women's patriotic associations in Japan, which have sprung into existence since the China war. The largest, with a membership of several hundred thousand, is the Woman's Patriotic League, whose members wear white surplices over their kimonos. The local chapters have two functions: to cheer the soldiers off to war and to be on hand when the ashes of the dead return in little white wooden boxes.

Under Government pressure a while ago, two groups were dissolved, the Woman's Peace Association and the Birth Control League, headed by Baroness Ishimoto. There are no Parent-Teacher Associations. Parents have no say in the matter of education, which is moulded on a definite pattern laid down by the Ministry of Education. There is no individualism in the schools; everything is done in unison, and the curriculum is fixed by the State. The process is a photographic one of making so many prints from an official negative. Schooling is compulsory up to the eighth grade (about fourteen years of age). It only becomes a family problem when a student wants to go on to college and has to make up his mind in what he is going to specialize.

5. How much power has the Japanese Diet?

The Japanese Diet has followed the course of the German Reichstag and has by now become a mere totalitarian stamp for Government policies. It was used by Premier Tojo as a sounding-board to beat the war-drums about the time "peace envoy" Saburo Kurusu arrived in Washington before Pearl Harbor.

The former political parties in Japan have been dissolved gradually over the past two years, and, in the last Diet election on April 30 this year, four hundred and fifty-five seats out of four hundred and sixty-six in the Lower House were won by the Government- and Army-sponsored "League for Support of the Throne"—the totalitarian party. The party apes the totalitarian systems of Nazi Germany and Fascist

Italy, and has no other aim than to endorse the Government's program for the prosecution of the war.

The Diet has had virtually no power since the assassination of Premier Inukai, the last party Premier of Japan, back in 1932. Since then, Japan has been run by a series of so-called non-party (actually only thinly veiled military) Governments, down to the present Tojo cabinet, an outright military Government.

6. Have the Japanese a sense of humour? What are their comics like? Do they enjoy American humour?

The Japanese have no sense of humour. What little humour crept into modern Japan—and that has been extinguished since the China war got under way five years ago—was of American make. There were a few American comic strips, and, strangely enough, the most popular of them was "Bringing Up Father."

7. Has the Emperor of Japan any say—could he stop the war—how much is he to blame for all this?

The Emperor has no say. He was "kidnapped" long ago by the militarists who usurped the power of the Throne and are using it in his name. In his answer to President Roosevelt's eleventh-hour appeal on December 6, urging the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Indo-China, the Emperor said he had made "earnest endeavours" to keep peace, and he trusted the President "is fully aware of this fact." He seemed to be trying to say that he had done what he could to avert war, but that he had been helpless.

Hirohito is the only Emperor of Japan who has ever been abroad. He visited London, Paris, and Rome, as Crown Prince, after the last World War when Japan was one of the Allies. He is of medium height, but would be reckoned short by Western standards. He has grown somewhat heavy with middle age, and his straight black hair is thinning. He wears spectacles and has a short, wiry mustache, which he has cultivated since his late 'teens.

Hirohito has worn military uniform for the past five years, since the outbreak of war with China, but seems ill at ease in it. He is said to be liberal-minded and to be chafing under the military régime imposed on him and the country. The Emperor could not stop the war if he chose. An order to a troop commander, in his name, might hold some military move in check temporarily. Nothing more.

8. Everybody seems to feel that Japan is a network of spies which has not only foreigners under constant surveillance, but their own nationals...is this spy system as far-reaching as the Gestapo?

The Japanese Military Police (Japan's counterpart of the German Gestapo) has been infiltrating everywhere and has the people cowed. The spy system is extensive and takes in, of course, all foreigners and a great many Japanese. It is probably not as far-reaching nor as efficient as the Gestapo, but the Japanese Military Police is assisted by all kinds of volunteer patriots who report on their neighbours. Terror is pretty widespread.

In recent years in Japan, I was followed about wherever I went. Our telephones were tapped, the contents of our waste-paper baskets closely examined by the police, our servants and our Japanese office staff repeatedly questioned. Both my parents' home and ours were "robbed" during our last summer in Japan (1940), though nothing was stolen. We were constantly threatened with arrest over slight infractions of the press law which were unavoidable, and faced the prospect of "third-degree" methods of the Military Police, which had sent James Melville Cox, the Reuter correspondent, to his death when he leaped from the third-story window of the Military Police headquarters in Tokyo.

The police interfered in everything and took occasion also to graft. Just before I left Tokyo, a plain-clothesman from the Metropolitan Police Board called on me one morning. He said he had heard that a foreign couple, whom he named, had dined with us the night before and that he wanted to warn me they were being watched by the Military Police, and it would be well for us not to have anything more to do with them. They were under suspicion, he explained, although he would not say what they were suspected of. After laborious negotiations with our Japanese landlord, we had arranged to sublet our house to this couple, and they had come to look it over before moving in. Foreign-style houses were scarce in Tokyo, and people waited for years to obtain one they wanted. In view of the police warning, however, we were unable to sublet to this couple, knowing the police would step in.

My visitor then said that, having done me a favour by this warning, he wanted to ask one of me. The police, he said, were planning a tennis tournament the following Sunday and would like a contribution. I offered him tennis-balls or tennis-rackets—both then unobtainable in Japan—, but he explained that they had no need of them, and I then offered sandwiches for the players, but they apparently had no use for them, either. So as a last resort, I was compelled to make a contribution of twenty yen. I knew that if I failed to contribute, he would make a report that would involve both the foreign couple and ourselves in trouble.

9. Since Japan has secured all the oil and tin in the Far East, can the Japanese step up production as we can—can they utilize it at once?

It will take months before Japanese engineers will be able to rehabilitate the oil-wells in the Dutch East Indies, before they can transport sufficient amounts of oil and tin even to tip the scales in war production. One of their greatest problems is transportation of the raw materials to their factories and back to their troops as finished products. To do this, the Japanese must keep their communications uninterrupted, and their factories operating efficiently. The United States must not allow them to do either of these things. It must aim to cut their thinly spread-out lines of communications and to bomb their industries. Irreparable damage can be done to their industries because they haven't the materials or machinery to replace their factories once they are destroyed.

Japanese industry can not be stepped up much, since factories are working full-time and there is no possibility for expansion. In production we are now outdoing them at a rate which would strike terror in Japan if the people knew of it.

10. Do the Germans run Japan? How far have the Nazi theories permeated the Japanese Government and the Japanese masses?

The Germans have great influence in all departments of the Japanese Government including the Foreign Office, the Army, to a lesser extent the Navy, and the Home Office, which has control over the police. German advisers are everywhere, reminding the Japanese of their obligations under the Axis alliance, pressing for the fulfilment in spirit, as well as in action. The emphasis on the "spirit" of the pact allows them to press further than the actual vague terms.

The Japanese Government apparently is working closely with Germany, but only to the extent that it serves Japan's interests. Nazi theories have found some adherents in Japan, but the Japanese masses are generally indifferent to them. The popular trend is anti-foreign, and that includes the Germans, too.

A Wit with a Whim of Iron

A Collection of Epigrams by Oliver Herford, the Greatest Wit of His Time

BY FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

MACABRE as it may seem, one of the jolliest luncheons ever held at The Players Club, in New York, was composed of men who, but an hour before, had been the pallbearers at the funeral of a man they had all loved. Of that jollity, the dead man would have been the first to approve, for it was as a mark of deep affection and respect that Oliver Herford's friends were sitting there together, mourning him in their hearts, but, recalling, reciting, and laughing over some of his inimitable epigrams, ripostes, and *jeux d'esprit.*

They must all have recalled his appearance, which, in itself, suggested fantasy: short, slight, and predominantly grey—an ill-fitting grey suit, and fluffy, profuse, and disordered grey hair. ("For Heaven's sake," his wife used to say, "stop looking like a penwiper!") Along with that grey suit, there were always black shoes, a black tie, a monocle attached to a black ribbon, spats, and, sometimes, a black silk hat of an archaic design. A cigar burned eternally between his fingers, the ashes, in time, burying him—in the manner of the old Pompeians—from view. His reticence was marked, his voice low and musical, his eyes a childish blue. Think of an embarrassed field-mouse, and Oliver Herford will rise from the shadowy mists, and stand before you.

His position as a writer and illustrator—1895-1935—was, probably, a minor one. Though known in New York, and Boston, he attained little general renown. His works—forty of them in all—were too slight to achieve a wide sale, though he regularly published his poems, squibs, and drawings in *Life, Harper's Weekly, The Century,* and *Vanity Fair.*

Fortunately, his needs were simple, as his income was meagre and irregular. Indeed, there never was a time when he would not have welcomed a few extra dollars. He was popular with all orders of men: writers, editors, actors, artists; men like Walter Hampden, Daniel Frohman, Edgar Lee Masters, Otis Skinner, Charles Hanson Towne, Julian Street, Messmore Kendall, Francis Wilson, and Albert Bigelow Paine, all of whom were his pallbearers.

His tailor once wrote him a letter expressing pained surprise that he had, for so long a time, paid no attention to his bill. "How, possibly," Oliver had written back, "can you say anything so monstrous? As a matter of record, I have shown it *every* attention; I took it on a delightful week-end to the Berkshires; also to a luncheon at Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson's (Lady Astor's sister); to a tea given by William Dean Howells (Mark Twain was a fellow guest) at his charming flat overlooking Central Park; and was, in fact, on the verge of taking it to Newport, for the yacht races, when your letter arrived."

ON another occasion, he bought a female bear cub, which he nursed and tended as a mother might. But, after many tragedies—the destruction of property, and the loss of friends—he turned the animal over to the Zoo. Asked as to his original motive in acquiring the beast, he said: "Well, a few months ago, I came into a small inheritance, and was so afraid I'd spend the money foolishly—that I bought Brunhild."

For thirty-five years much of his time was spent at The Players, and many of the anecdotes concerning him had their happy origins in that delightful Club.

One morning Herford arrived at the Club wearing an exaggerated, not to say impossible, hat. Derided for it, he explained that the choice had not been his. "It was a whim of my wife's," he said. "Disregard all that, and throw the hat away," his friends said. "You don't know her," he said, "she has a whim of iron."

Two anecdotes concerned Edward Simmons, the painter, who had long fatigued his fellow members by prolix and, often, pointless monologues. Finally, Herford, believing that the time for action had arrived, hand-lettered a sign, which he fastened over the door of the sitting-room. The sign read, laconically: "EXIT, IN CASE OF SIMMONS."

On another occasion, the same unfortunate Simmons had been insulted by a tipsy fellow member who had offered him fifty dollars if he would resign from the Club. Simmons immediately imparted his grievance to Herford and repeated the insult, *con brio.* "Don't take it," said Oliver, "you're bound to get better offers."

Robert Reid, the painter (six-feet-three and a little mellow with wine), seeing Herford at a writing-desk in the Club, slapped him, with exaggerated gusto, on the back. Oliver, trembling, fixed him with his sad blue eyes and said: "Your face and your name have escaped me, but your manners are strangely familiar."

Once, coming into The Players, and seeing the name of George Barr McCutcheon posted on the Club's "death board," Oliver adjusted his monocle, read the name reverently, and murmured: "Always the wrong man."

AT a Ladies' Day, at the Club, Otis Skinner was showing a group of visitors a collection of death masks made by Laurence Hutton. A lady, pointing to a mask of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, observed: "I had no idea he was so frail a man." "Well," explained Oliver, "when *that* was taken, Sheridan was really not himself."

His humour was wholly of the English order, perhaps because he had himself been born in England, coming to America as a youth, when his father, the Rev. Brooke Herford (a well-known English Unitarian minister), had begun his tenure of the Arlington Street Church, in Boston. (Incidentally, his sister is Beatrice Herford, the first successful *diseuse* in America, who blazed the way for Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner.) But whatever the reason, his wit stemmed directly from such British masters as W. S. Gilbert, C. S. Calverley, and Lewis Carroll. It bore, actually, little kinship to that of such typically American masters as Riley, Field, Ade, and Finley Peter Dunne.

For one English writer—Arnold Bennett—he nourished a strong dislike. "Tell me, Oliver, on your honour," Francis Wilson—an inveterate reader and book collector, and an actor of great renown—once asked him, point-blank, "have you ever read a single book by Arnold Bennett?"

"I'll be very frank with you," he said. "When Bennett published his first novel—*Buried Alive*—I reviewed it for *The New York Times;* and that review so prejudiced me against the man that I never read another word he wrote."

In 1910, having published several little books with the Century Company, on a ten per cent. royalty basis, he asked me (since I was an Editor there) to plead with Frank H. Scott, the President of the Company, for a more generous arrangement of royalties. We went into the den, to beard the lion.

"No," said Mr. Scott, tapping out a tune on his teeth with a thin, blue pencil. "No, I can't very well do that, Mr. Herford, for there really isn't the money in book publishing that people commonly suppose. To begin with, there is the forty per cent. discount to the wholesalers; then there is the ten per cent. to the author; the twenty-eight per cent. for paper, printing, and binding; ten per cent. for advertising and selling; ten per cent. for overhead and depreciation; five per cent. for..."

"Stop, stop," said Oliver. "I can only felicitate myself that I never invested my hard-earned savings in your unfortunate enterprise."

On visiting Dr. Coakley—the nose and throat specialist—he observed a dozen or so sinus patients sitting in an anteroom recovering from their treatments. Pointing to them, he said: "They came to cough, but remained to spray."

He was the least punctual of men, his tardiness—on occasions—being exasperating. (He said he was not made for clocks, clothes, conventions, or cold weather.) Arthur Bartlett Maurice, annoyed with him for having arrived twenty minutes late for dinner, wrote two lines on a dinner-card and passed them along, down the table: "The man who's twenty minutes late, to dinner, is a reprobate." Oliver turned the card and wrote on the back, without hesitancy: "A man who comes ahead of time is capable of any crime."

Once, when breakfasting with friends in the country and seeing a comb of honey on their breakfast table, he remarked: "How wonderful, to keep a bee!"

During a somewhat heated Biblical discussion, he said: "Jehovah has always seemed to me the most fascinating character in all fiction."... Of house guests: "Many are called, but few get up."... A little maxim in morality: "Only the young die good."

To a lady who had thanked him for picking up her handkerchief: "Nothing too small for personal attention—remember the flea."... A random thought about the ladies: "Women's minds are cleaner than men's; they change them more often."... When discussing the Versailles Treaty, he spoke of it as: "The peace that passeth all understanding."

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER (Cora Urquhart—the mother of Mrs. James Stillman) had left her husband—the nephew of Bishop Henry C. Potter—in order to go on the stage with Kyrle Bellew. Oliver comforted the Bishop by remarking that "Actresses *will* happen in the best-regulated families."

E. V. Lucas, the English writer, had said, in a literary essay, that Herford was a veritable elf. "From that day to this," Oliver used to say, "I've felt painfully elf-conscious."

In 1894—a year after the Hotel Waldorf had been built and opened, by William Waldorf Astor—Herford described the hotel as "An institution designed to supply exclusiveness to the masses."

A landlady of his was once bemoaning the death of her greatly loved cat. "It must," she said, sobbingly, "have eaten the paste on my new wallpaper."

Herford, looking with considerable disapproval at the paper: "Probably not the paste, but the pattern," he explained.

Maxfield Parrish had created a poster for *St. Nicholas,* in which a plump boy was blowing soap-bubbles, in a magical garden—against an azure sky. Oliver, as he was gazing at the slightly epicene figure, remarked, with feeling, "How beautiful! A youth blossoming into womanhood."

There was, in Herford's humour, no trace of vulgarity, no evidence of the *common* man. (His limericks, however stupefying, were miracles of style and literary taste.) Indeed, in looking back, I recall but a single remark of his that seemed a little out of character: a remark about his grey suits.

Charles Hanson Towne once asked him why he invariably wore a grey suit. "It saves me a world of trouble," he answered. "When spring and autumn come around, I merely write to my tailor, send him a small sample of dandruff, and tell him to match it exactly."

THERE was also the story of The Farragut Club, which, he contended, was the most exclusive club in America. He proposed me for membership in it, and I was promptly blackballed. However, I later took solace in the fact that other of my friends—Reginald Birch, Francis Wilson, John Drew, even the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, had been similarly humiliated. The final "pay off," in the anecdote, was that Herford, in his own person, composed the entire membership of the Club, and was its President, Secretary, House Committee, and office boy as well. I still treasure a set of formal resolutions (printed up by The Farragut Club), bewailing my departure for Europe. It was signed by the Club's six officers, the signatures all variants of Oliver's name, finished with: "Ollie, Office Boy."

A few years later, I learned the reason for the Club's name. Herford, during the summer months, often dined at Delmonico's on Twenty-Sixth Street. After his dinner, he would saunter across Fifth Avenue to Madison Square and leisurely smoke a cigar on the little ledge beneath Saint Gaudens' statue of Admiral Farragut.

An unwelcome caller once interrupted a supper party which he was giving at his apartment on Eighteenth Street. "So this is your coterie," the interloper remarked, with interest. "Yes," said Oliver, "and over there is my vestry, and, just under it, are my pantries."

Many of his little books he both wrote and illustrated. In one of them, the dedication ran as follows: "To the Illustrator, in grateful acknowledgment of his admirable condescension in rendering his exquisitely distinguished art to the embellishment of these poor verses.—The Author."

His books bore, as a rule, light and whimsical titles: "The Bashful Earthquake," "The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten," "The Fairy Godmother-in-law," "Hearticulture," "Pen and Inklings," "The Laughing Willow," "Excuse It, Please," "Little Book of Bores," and so on, *ad infinitum.*

I went with him, once, to a clothing store where an impressive floor-walker approached us, smiling benignly. "Coatings, suitings, or trouserings?" we were asked, with the proper, and invariable, unction. "No," said Oliver, apologetically. "Only some paltry collarings and cuffings."

In animals of every kind he was inordinately interested—kittens in particular. He had also a high respect for crabs. "The crab," he said, "more than any of God's creatures, has formulated the perfect philosophy of life. Whenever he is confronted by a great moral crisis in life, he first makes up his mind what is right, and then goes sideways as fast as he can."

I remember that, once, forty years ago, I was dining at old Martin's, on University Place, when a Western Union messenger boy arrived with a letter for me. The writer of it had expressed keen regret at not having seen me for two weeks; inquired about my health and that of my mother (the writer said that he liked her greatly), and ended by demanding an introduction to the lady with whom I was dining.

As the letter was unsigned, (Continued on page 75)

Airplanes—Unlimited

Now—bombers as big as fifteen-room houses; in the future—transocean cargo planes

BY GLENN L. MARTIN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Glenn Martin, head of the Glenn L. Martin Company, and the father of the famous Martin bombers, spoke on aviation's future at a New York meeting, at which he received one of the four Lord and Taylor Awards for American design. In the following telegram, Mr. Martin answered Vogue's question about the position of women working in his extraordinary plant at Baltimore:*

"This Company recently decided to give women an equal opportunity with men, to take their place in every department of the Company's activities, and is also paying the women the same amount as the men on similar work. We now have more than five thousand women in all departments of the plant, including women engineers. The time appears to be at hand today when women in all branches of aviation are completely successful. The fact that the education and training of women today give them equality with men is supported by the results. The attitude of women in the aircraft industry is excellent, particularly their acceptance of this war being their war as much as a man's war. They are doing a real job."

His New York talk follows.]

THERE has been a rapid transition taking place in aircraft design from the days when one individual conceived and completed an airplane design, to today's most successful method of a large group of engineering specialists and research specialists working together under a director.

Through the years since Orville Wright made history as the first man to fly, there has been a remarkable development of old and new types of aircraft materials used. For example, the finest material in the world today is made in America—a heat-treated aluminum alloy with a tensile strength of 68,000 pounds per square inch. For the future, alloy of aluminum and beryllium holds considerable promise. Beryllium alloy has a tensile strength of 200,000 pounds per square inch. It is approximately forty per cent. lighter than aluminum and is non-corrosive.

There are several reinforced plastics that are interesting, and there is now no doubt that a good many airplanes of the future may be built of some form of plastic material. For the present, we must content ourselves with using plastic parts wherever we can in our airplanes, to save precious aluminum. My company already has been able to substitute plastics for over four hundred metal parts in one type of bomber alone.

Some of the new steels now ready for use are good material, especially for large planes. They have a tensile strength of from 180,000 to 200,000 pounds per square inch. It is interesting to note that large planes built of such material are not much heavier than if they were constructed of the aluminum alloys now in production.

There are new materials not yet ready for use that have a tensile strength of 1,000,000 pounds per square inch. This material is sometimes referred to as glass, because it is made out of the same kind of material from which glass is manufactured. Naturally, research will continue until such material is either perfected or discarded. In any case, refinement of these immensely strong, yet far lighter materials means that an ever-increasing proportion of the gross weight of airplanes will be payload. Even today our large flying boats are carrying more than their own weight in disposable load. We should be able to raise that percentage much higher.

I believe today all large aircraft engineering groups have assigned engineers to the study of ideal types of new commercial aircraft, which will be immediately required for the world air commerce destined to spring into being as soon as the war is over. Another group of engineers will be required to design a new series of military aircraft that will supersede and replace warplanes now fighting in the World War.

I WISH I could tell you of the great striking power of the new American fighting and bombing planes, but the details of these great war machines are military secrets. It is no secret that they are the most deadly in the world, and when our Army and Navy receive this new equipment, America will advance to victory.

It is a fact that American war aircraft production is nearly twice that of Germany, and all this before the automobile companies had begun to roll out airplanes. We are beginning to see the results of this production, as well as the superior American quality.

But in the midst of this production, the aircraft designer is now working at top speed. We can never "freeze" aircraft design completely. That is stagnation, and the Army and Navy surely will never permit it during this war. Hitler froze his models to obtain large numbers of aircraft. He nearly got away with it, but not quite. British and American quality overtook him, and his inferior designs were no match for the planes he is meeting today.

The 140,000-pound flying boat, "Mars," made its first flight June 1 from Chesapeake Bay. It is a warplane, but such ships will be the commercial transports of the future. Such transports can fly to Europe or across the Pacific, providing vital supply lines for our war fronts. There are 16,700 cubic feet of space in the hull of the "Mars," equal to the average fifteen-room house. Imagine a fifteen-room house on wings! Who knows, maybe we will be flying the Empire State Building.

Seriously, however, I wish to go on record with the fact that we do not recognize limits to which airplanes can be built, other than the daily volume of cargo required to be hauled and the efficiency surrounding the number of daily trips desired. The next step, however, will be the 250,000- or the 500,000-pound size, depending on the cargo per trip required by the customer.

To give you some idea of the great tonnage that airplanes can carry as compared with steamships, it must be realized that these large air transports make fifteen round trips to a destination to one by a steamship. Thus we see that a slow surface freighter that makes only three transocean trips a year will find the large air cargo vessel making forty-five trips in competition. It is vital to this country that we have a large fleet of air transports, like the "Mars," to ensure winning the war, and it is vital to world commerce and the United States that great fleets of flying ships be constructed to bring world commerce to America.

The World Within Us

We can furnish it with beauty, live in it securely—hold it against any assault

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

CAN we modify the world in which we live, the Real World? Of course we can, and it is our duty to do so. But it is also obvious that our personal action is limited. We read of massacres, of persecutions, of faithlessness and brutality. We should like to step in and to ensure the triumph of Charity over Hatred. But early in life we realize that this World of Men and Things is terribly heavy and that our hands can not move it very far. Of course, we must fight for the right cause, if we are strong enough to fight, or help the fighters if we are not. Yet however determined we may be, we can not, in the Real World, achieve all we would. We can not, for instance, by ourselves liberate an oppressed country; only millions of patient efforts, and time, and blood, will do that.

But there is a world each of us can reconquer, there is a land each of us can liberate alone, and that is the World of Inner Life, the World Within Us. Here, open to us, unexplored, lies an immense and rich country, peopled by memories, lighted by thoughts and meditations. It is no exaggeration to call it a world, for it is one, as inexhaustible and infinite as the World of Things and People. Indeed the so-called Real World exists only for each of us as part of his inner world. But most people neglect this inner world, leave it fallow, and complain they are poor while they disregard this precious possession.

War may deprive us of our comfort, of our security, of our liberty, but nothing except death can deprive us of ourselves. "The prison walls fall for the Christian," Santayana said. The prison walls also fall for the well-stored mind. The tyrant forbids his victims to receive any visitors. But how will the jailers keep out Plato and Spinoza, Shakespeare and Beethoven? And how can they prevent a prisoner who has had a noble life from hanging on the naked walls of his cell the memories of the past? The World of Things may be taken from us at any moment; the World Inside Us will follow us everywhere. What is more important? What we are sure to lose or what we can not lose? The answer is evident. Let us make our inner world as beautiful and as rich as we can.

DOES it depend on us? Of course it does. The word *culture* has the same meaning in the material and spiritual worlds. Just as we can, by ploughing and hoeing, and manuring, fertilize a barren land, we also can by reading, and listening, and thinking, turn a waste mind into a garden. We take a lot of trouble to furnish our house, which may in one second be destroyed by a bomb; let us take even more trouble to furnish the rooms of our mind, which no explosives can shatter. To acquire a culture is neither painful, nor difficult; we are not required to study uncongenial sciences, but simply to take an interest in books, and images, and sounds, that innumerable generations of men and women before us enjoyed and admired. A critic may make a mistake; when humanity is the critic, there are very few misjudgments.

"The humanities"...a beautiful word. What does it mean? That, if you keep in touch with the masterpieces of the past, you will at the same time participate in the lives of the human beings who created them. While remaining a man of your times, you will realize that those times are only a small part of a living whole. The humanities, by teaching us that men and women before us have felt the same feelings, make us more widely human. They also reassure us. Nothing gives more confidence in the future, at a time of anxiety, than to know that other nations went through the same kind of troubles and achieved in the end victory, peace, and greatness.

A religion and a moral code are, to the World Within Us, what Laws and Constitutions are to the external world. No country can be happy or strong unless its citizens respect the laws; no man can be at peace with himself unless he feels a solemn reverence for man and life. Reverence is only another word for religion. The Sermon on the Mount and the Book of Ecclesiastes are not only sacred texts; they are living wisdom. If we read them at a time of deep anxiety, they at once soothe and console us. "The Kingdom of God is within us," said the Apostle, and the Kingdom of God is another name for that impregnable country built on a rock of faith, where each of us can find refuge.

Once again we do not mean that men should funk their responsibilities in the World of Things; if they did, they could find no peace in the World of Thought, where they would spend their time apologizing to themselves for their slackness. We mean on the contrary that, by retiring sometimes in themselves, by acquiring a host of invisible friends, who are the great philosophers, writers, and musicians, they become stronger for action. Because their real wealth is spiritual, because the Kingdom is within themselves, they have nothing to lose and nothing to fear. They live, for a few minutes every day, on the high summits of religious and poetical expression; they come back to the plains refreshed, rejuvenated, ready to live and fight again down in the lowlands. Great cultures are the high mountains of the mind.

A FATAL mistake would be to believe that the World Within Us, because it is not a material world, does not need to be defended. Though it is really unconquerable if we watch over its ramparts, it is always just as much in danger of being invaded as the World of Things and People. Our garden, if we do not go on raking and weeding, will go back to jungle; our mind, if we cease to cultivate it, will return to confusion and chaos. Rumours, silly yarns, false theories are always ready to creep up and to kill the Tree of Knowledge. A well-defended mind is like a beautiful lake; events reflect themselves without deformation in its serene and even surface. If and when defense relaxes, at once reeds and water-lilies invade the scene and the image of the stars in the waters becomes blurred and misty.

The defender of the Inner World, just as the defender of the Real World, has to be on the alert against a Fifth Column. The internal Fifth Column is made of defeatist thoughts. "Why cultivate yourself?" says the Fifth Column. "You begin too late. Accept your defeat, shamelessly, and try to forget it in cocktails, and games, and idle talk." The internal Fifth Column should be silenced. It is not true that victory can not be achieved. Even late in life, we can rebuild our culture by meditation and work. And it is always worth-while. For the day we shall feel absolutely secure in the possession of the World Within Us, that feeling of safety will give us such strength, such mastery and exaltation, that our power in the World of Action will be doubled and trebled.

This Never Got into My Column

The news I knew, but couldn't print—
the hidden scoops and boners

BY MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

I SUPPOSE there has never been a columnist or any other variety of newspaper writer who didn't find himself at one time or another wishing he could publish a book containing selections from the stuff he hadn't been able to use.

Some omissions are, of course, made deliberately, and others from lack of space; still others come about through pure chance, sometimes lucky, sometimes unlucky.

There are stories here that can't be told until after the war—but in so saying, I am reminded of another story that I once thought couldn't be told until after the war, too. It is the story of a retired French Admiral, grown grey in the service and spending the evening of his life in a little house in Brest, the great French naval base at the tip of Brittany. Here he could at least be near the Navy and the sea that he had loved and that had been his life.

Then came the day, the black day in the summer of 1940, when the Germans occupied Brest. For three days before that time, the city had been shaken with the roar of explosions in the great naval arsenal where sailors and workmen were blowing up the docks, the ships under construction, and the machine shop. For each of these three days, the Admiral had gone about the city begging to have a chance to defend the arsenal. He had gone to the Maritime Prefect, to the Commander of the Coast Defenses, to the Commandant of the Garrison, to the Chief of Gendarmes, to the Mayor.

Everywhere his plea had been the same—"Surely you are not going to give up the greatest naval base in France without a shot being fired? Give me but a single company of marine fusiliers, and if we can not hold the arsenal, we can at least show the Boche how Frenchmen can die." And everywhere the answer had been the same, a shrug of the shoulders, a shake of the head, a despairing gesture—"It is too late."

ON the fourth day, the Germans marched in. The city and naval arsenal were surrendered. Soon there were German patrols at every street corner, German warning notices on every wall. The Admiral looked forth from his window and saw these things. He called his servant, like himself grown old and feeble in the naval service.

"Bring me," he directed, "my full-dress uniform, my Cross of the Legion of Honour, my sword, and my service pistol."

"But what is it that you will do, my Admiral?" the servant quavered.

"It is a matter which you will understand," the Admiral replied. "It is a matter of the honour of the French Navy. It shall never be said that the naval arsenal of Brest surrendered without a shot being fired or a German slain."

"But what will you do, my Admiral?"

"I shall take the matter into my own hands. I shall go into the street wearing my uniform and the Cross, and I shall shoot the first German whom I meet, and the next, and the next, until I myself am killed."

His count was correct. He killed three German soldiers before he fell riddled with rifle bullets—the lone defender of the naval base at Brest.

I had that story from an eye-witness, and I didn't believe it. It was too good to be true. Then I heard it again, and again, with a singular fidelity to detail in all three versions. Still it didn't make the column because I was warned that the Germans were very sensitive about the matter and had threatened reprisals on the Admiral's relatives if the story got about.

But that was a long time ago, and the Admiral's close relations are not in France any more, and so at last the tale can be told—at least in part—a tale that breathes the very spirit of that France which is not dead, but captive and will rise again to a new day of glory.

THERE was, for another example, the beautifully-dressed, white-haired old lady who brought me, with every circumstance of pretty trepidation, a dog-eared manuscript which she said had been smuggled out of Germany by her son. He had been wounded in the process, and there was a bloodstain on one corner of the papers. The manuscript purported to be a transcript (from memory) made by one of Hitler's personal adjutants of a secret conversation between Hitler and the late Kaiser Wilhelm II. In the course of this conversation, Hitler swore secret allegiance to the House of Hohenzollern, and pledged himself to restore that House to all its imperial and royal rights and dignities.

It was so beautifully done, and the words of each of the principal participants seemed so completely in character, that at the very least I probably would have wasted a good deal of time in checking some of the mass of confirmatory detail which the old lady kindly furnished, if she had not called me on the telephone the following day. She called to say that she had decided to confide in me the further fact that she herself was the true heir to the throne of Bavaria, and that her real grievance against Hitler was his failure to recognize the superior claims of the House of Wittelsbach to the imperial throne. She felt it a cruel denial of her rights to remain humbly Queen of Bavaria when she was entitled to the dignity of German Empress.

That was one story I didn't put in the column.

I HAD a piece of good luck in London in September, 1939, when the world was first learning about Blitzkrieg, at the expense of Poland. Rumours had been current all day of a possible Russian invasion of the provinces of eastern Poland. Looking round the town for stray news bits, I found myself listening to a junior attaché of a then neutral Embassy. Oh yes, he had heard the rumours, but he considered them ridiculous. Now here was the situation as he saw it—and he proceeded to present a beautifully argued and thoroughly convincing case for strict and complete Russian neutrality.

When he had finished, I could have kicked myself for allowing myself to suppose for a moment that the Russians could be guilty of such arrant folly as invading Poland. I was happy to reflect that I was going on the air that night and would be able to reassure my listeners in America about the

Russo-Polish situation. In fact, I hurried back to my hotel and hammered out a broadcast to that effect while I still had my young friend's arguments warm in my memory.

At this point, my good luck stepped in. Having plenty of time, I detoured through the black-out into the Ritz bar on my way to Broadcasting House. The only other customer in the bar at the moment was a Polish officer of my acquaintance, attached to the Polish Military Mission. He was leaning against the bar looking very unhappy. He invited me to drink with him, and I returned the compliment. I ventured to drink to better days for Poland.

"Those days, my friend," said he, "are far off. We might have held out a little longer against the Germans, but now the Russians...." He stopped short, glanced at me sharply. "I am talking too much," he muttered, "but what does it matter? You will know all about it in the morning anyway."

The beautiful theories of the young attaché of the neutral Embassy were swept away in an instant by this single touch of bitter fact. I went on the air an hour later not with my beautiful piece about Russian neutrality, but with a hastily written prediction that the Russians would invade Poland. The news that they had done so reached London three hours after I had finished speaking.

SOMETIMES an omission is deliberate, as the result of judgment, hunch, or a good guess.

After the fall of Crete, it will be remembered that General Sir Archibald Wavell, British Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, was transferred to be Commander-in-Chief in India. All the wise boys immediately leaped to the assumption that Wavell was being "kicked upstairs"—practically demoted for having lost Crete and Cyrenaica and being pushed out of Greece. But on June 22, Hitler had invaded Russia, and the possibility of the Germans reaching the Caucasian oil-fields was being widely discussed. In this case, the whole "strategic arch of the British Empire" stretching from the central Asian desert to the delta of the Nile would be immediately in danger.

Fortunately, I had at that time just finished reading the first volume of Winston Churchill's great biography of his great ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, who combined in his single person so many of the qualities of soldier and statesman. It was impossible for me to believe that a man who could write such a book, displaying not only strategical gifts, but a sense of historical perspective, could under the existing circumstances dispense with the services of the only general officer in the British Army who knew the Russians thoroughly, and who had served in the Caucasus. So the "kicked upstairs" story didn't make my column; instead I took the ground, afterward fully justified by events, that General Wavell had been sent to India to organize from that base the joint Anglo-Russian defense of the Caucasus and the Middle East.

WHILE on the subject of Generals, there was an American General in the manœuvres in Louisiana in 1941 who should have made the column, but didn't. Long ago I had learned from painful experience that unorthodox methods are not appreciated in the Army. This particular General, having made certain dispositions of his troops, received an air reconnaissance report that "enemy" truck columns were converging on a town near the Sabine River, and were establishing there a gasoline dump. This seems to suggest that the enemy's armoured division might be moving in that direction, and the gasoline supplies might be intended for it.

The General scowled at his map. It showed that he had a regiment of horse cavalry about five miles away from the town where the gasoline dump was being established, but he had no orthodox means of communicating with them. In about an hour they were due to reach a point at which they would halt and set up a radio set to receive instructions, but in that hour they would cover four or five more miles in the wrong direction as far as the gasoline dump was concerned. The General never hesitated. He picked out a town on the map, ordered his telephone switched to commercial lines, and got the telephone operator in the selected village on the wire.

"Young lady," said he, "this is General X. Look out your window and see if there are any soldiers in the street wearing yellow hat cords."

The girl said the street was full of them.

"Go out," the General ordered, "and bring the first one that you see with bars on his collar or stripes on his sleeve to the telephone."

Three minutes later, the General was speaking to a Sergeant. "Sergeant," he ordered, "go immediately and find Colonel Y and tell him to call me at my headquarters by commercial telephone."

In another five minutes, he had the Colonel on the wire, and within an hour air reconnaissance reported that the cavalry had captured the gasoline dump and put the enemy's armoured division out of action for the following day by the theoretical destruction of its fuel. This wasn't the way that Army communications are supposed to be handled in the field, but it was an effective way, and it would have worked in war, and I wanted to write of it as an example of the resourcefulness of the American officer.

"Good God, no," said the General. "They'd hang me for that. It isn't done on manœuvres. The shooting has to start before they let you throw the book away in this Army."

I SHALL never forget one letter from an inventor which didn't get into the column. He wrote to me early in 1940 with a suggestion which I can not describe, except to say that it had to do with the use of light for military purposes. He wanted his idea to be used against Germany, and he asked that I forward it to the proper British authorities. I did so, and in due course received a grateful acknowledgment saying that this inventor's work had proved of real value. I was happy to pass the letter on to him, and I know that he was happy to receive it, even though he had to have it read to him—for though his invention dealt with light, this inventor was blind.

I think the most notable piece that I can recall having left out was notable not for itself, but for the material which replaced it. This was a case not of a column, but of a broadcast. The item in question was a rather dull little "think-piece" on the strategic position of Thailand: Siam—the Land of the White Elephant. I wrote it to fill a four-minute spot on the regular Sunday world news program of CBS, and I was walking across the news room toward the studio, manuscript in hand, ready to go on the air, when the substitution was suddenly and dramatically arranged for. Every one of the chattering news tickers suddenly stopped short, and then the room was filled with a tinny clangor of "flash" bells. It was 2:27 P. M., December 7, 1941.

These are some of the things that for one reason or another didn't get into my column or on the air. Looking back over the files of thirty-three months of almost daily work, a great deal of it closely resembles tripe as viewed in the light of after-knowledge. But here and there are some little pieces—I think I'll write that book I was telling you about, after the war.

Women Ruin Music

A pessimist's view of women musicians—heirs to a dying art

BY SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

THE number of women in the musical profession has been steadily increasing in the last thirty years or so. As the art of music is in a state of hopeless decadence, this phenomenon is inevitable.

When art is vital and creative, it is the almost exclusive property of man, who is essentially the creative element in humankind. When it becomes barren and stereotyped, then come the women; the conservative and the reactionary, as well as that neutral type of creature, neither man nor woman, which is so rampantly prevalent in our stricken latter-day world.

I am, of course, speaking only of the executive side of music. (There are no women composers, never have been and possibly never will be.) I look forward with cheerful pessimism to the day when it will be virtually monopolized by women; for man, the more dynamic animal, will not be content much longer to remain in the service of an art which for the moment seems incapable of giving birth to beautiful creations of the imagination.

This gradual evolution from a rugged masculinity to a subtle femininity is a familiar spectacle in all the arts. If I were writing a history of music, I should devote some time to indicating how the massive and heroic solidity of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, as typified by the giant figures of Handel and Beethoven, has in the past hundred years disintegrated step by step to a flabby and enfeebled decrepitude, so that today the golden lyre of Phœbus is silent and only the scrannel pipe of the rustic Pan is to be heard among us.

All I have to say about it at the moment is what should be painfully evident to every intelligent eye and ear. Namely, that it is largely upon the ruins of the ancient citadel of art that woman is building up her present position. Not that she can be accused in any way of participation in the numerous crimes that have been committed during the past fifty years against a civilization superior to that in which we are now living. She can be safely absolved from that.

The simple truth is that all human activity must pass through its periods of rise, ripeness, and decline, and music has been, to a certain extent, fortunate in that it is the last of the great arts in point of date to suffer this general experience. For my part, I look forward to the next twenty years with a quite lively curiosity and anticipation. I want to see what women are going to do with their newest toy, and I believe the results will be full of interest.

THERE is a definite feminine approach to music which has a distinct pathological value. Women can actually make it sound different to what it is when handled by men. This physical fact I discovered many years ago. Then I heard, during an audition, a number of women play the viola, that most unsatisfactory and nondescript member of the orchestra. The tone produced by these ladies, almost without exception, was wholly unlike that of the masculine candidates, and to my taste more appealing and attractive. One in particular contriving to extract from her instrument a sweeter and more expressive sound than I had ever heard forthcoming from a man. This singularity of touch, which is unquestionably feminine, could and probably will make its way more and more as time goes on into the other sections of the orchestra. Eventually we might hear, in the final phase of instrumental virtuosity, some really enchanting renderings of a large body of work which does not demand an exceeding vigour of style and tone.

But some of this, of course, is dependent upon the wisdom of women in realizing that their salvation lies in cultivating a greater, instead of a lesser, femininity both in their outlook upon, and their treatment of, music. Too many of them, the majority in fact, strive to preserve much of that masculine tradition and inheritance which they have absorbed in the schools of instruction.

I am aware that they may run the risk for some time of being admonished by the critics, the bulk of whom are men, that such an interpretation is not Mozart, Schumann, Chopin, or Debussy. But I ask them to close their ears resolutely to all complaints of the kind.

There is a decided feminine element discernible in all the great masters. Much of this I have always felt has been unduly discounted by most male interpreters. Were it otherwise, the world would not have been so grossly affronted as it has been for generations by the ponderous, dull, and graceless performances given almost everywhere of such composers as Bach, Handel, and Haydn. It is high time that a little stress was laid upon the other side of the musical picture, even though we lose something temporarily in the process.

BUT far more inimical to the fuller development of their powers are the two everlasting disabilities of women—marriage and snobbery. Of the former, all that can be said is that for artists it takes its rightful place alongside such other major disasters as earthquakes, sea wrecks, battle, and sudden death. And yet there is hardly one among them who, heedless of every other consideration in the world, does not rush into matrimony upon the slightest provocation or the flimsiest pretext.

Scores of times I have viewed the depressing spectacle of some bright young thing of talent, upon whom has been lavished the resources of family or friends and the last word in the expert training of her day, and yet who, upon the very threshold of success, turns up smilingly one day to announce her instant marriage to a man who has sturdily put his foot down against her appearing before the public.

And our soft-hearted, and still more soft-headed modern society, instead of devoting what it elects to call its mind to the discovery of a punishment worthy of such a crime, hails the catastrophe with enthusiasm. It rejoices over the wasted years of useless endeavour. As for that ineradicable streak in woman, which forbids her being satisfied with herself as she is, and dooms her to pass most of her life in a feverish state of longing to be something or somebody else wholly different, it will be easily grasped that such a protean condition of mind is fatal to that true comprehension of self without which there can be no genuine artistic personality. Here is a pleasing illustration of what I mean. It happens (Continued on page 77)

The Infant Gourmet

Spicy whiskey toddy; terrible candy banana—milestones of my gastronomic childhood

BY SHEILA HIBBEN

It is not easy to reconstruct any moment of pure emotion, and for one reason or another it seems hardest of all to recapture a high flight of gastronomic delight. Occasionally I have listened to someone dreamily recall a happy memory of eating that I knew instinctively was authentic rapture, but such souvenirs have always been unasked for and were more in the manner of soliloquy than confidence.

Children are even less capable than their elders of recording honestly their poignant moments of pleasure in eating. If pressed, they may babble of a certain gingerbread man, or perhaps ice-cream with chocolate sauce, but their reminiscences are not to be trusted. They may have searched their memories, which is death to spontaneous revelation, or they may be only accepting the convention of a thrill which other children or their elders have convinced them is inherent in gingerbread men and ice-cream with chocolate sauce. Once in a long while in adult life at the accidental touching of some secret or forgotten chord, there rush over a man or woman memories of childish eating which actually record some full moment of gastronomic harmony.

My own earliest memory of intense pleasure in eating may appear as much a matter of nostalgia as of appetite, but I have reason to believe that it is the *taste* of the hot Scotch toddy and the little nugget of Edam cheese that I recall.

It was that indeterminate hour known as *the middle of the night,* which to a child whose bedtime was seven-thirty might mean anywhere from nine o'clock to dawn. What sort of party our parents were giving I don't think I ever knew. My sister and I were awakened by somebody playing on the piano and an occasional burst of song and much laughter.

There must have been cooking on a chafing-dish in the sitting-room because the good smell of a spirit-lamp (my father would never tolerate the filthy stench of denatured alcohol) mingling with divine, unidentified cooking odours came through the thin crack of the nursery door. Then suddenly there was my mother placing a little tray with two punch glasses of Scotch whiskey toddy and two small lumps of Edam cheese on the side of the bed and kissing us and running with her quick, light step back to the party.

Later, in the light of more modern and bleaker pediatric knowledge, she was shamed before less indulgent mothers into denying that she had ever given us such strange nocturnal fare. "I am sure I never brought you anything, or if I did it was only milk," she would say, but I could tell that she was secretly glad I remembered so rapturously.

The hot punch tasted of cloves and lemon and tangerine peel and a delightful, unfamiliar smokiness which, taken with little bites of cheese, made the most wholly comforting combination I have ever eaten in my life.

I remember my sadness when the little nugget of cheese was all gone, and my wonder that my sister could find it in her heart to hand over to me her own share. I meant to take only one tiny bite and give it back to her, but I was not good and brave as she was, and I nibbled it all away between voluptuous little sips of the warm drink.

How, or *how* could she be so noble? Or did she not feel down to her curled-up toes the exquisite *rightness* of the hard Edam with the spicy punch?

The next encounter with *la gourmandise* which I remember vividly was dust and ashes and disappointment. I was well established in the first grade at school and enjoyed the financial independence that comes of an allowance of five cents a week. I do not remember anything about the child from whom I learned of the existence of candy bananas, but she must have been a brat with sly ways.

Occasionally, she would bring this exotic confection to class, and all day it would sit on her desk, and all day I would covet it passionately. Sometimes it was yellow, and sometimes a purplish pink, and in shape it bore less resemblance to a banana than to a small, fat sausage. I was never offered a bite, and I was never permitted to touch it.

With those undependable taste buds of the imagination, I could savour the delicate banana flavour; my teeth could crush through an outer crust delicate as enamel or the thinnest ice (there would have to be an outer crust, or the banana could never keep its lovely form), but inside all would be soft as marshmallow with the melting smoothness of caramel—caramel and somehow banana, too. Sometimes I would grow a little dizzy just thinking about it.

I don't know how long I went on coveting the candy, but finally I went to the little shop where it could be bought. The shop was a miserable place smelling of the shopkeeper and cheap tobacco and chewing-gum, but the banana candies were there all right—piles of them in a dingy show-case.

I had wanted just one at no matter what great price, and, as I watched the storekeeper stuff the six for my nickel into a paper bag, desire suddenly oozed out of me like air out of a pricked balloon. The whole adventure was spoiled even before I had tried to bite into the hard-as-granite confection that was ever so faintly sweet with a strong flavour of purplish pink dye and chalk, which I can taste with unpleasant intensity to this day.

Another unhappy experience of eating was recurrent all through my early childhood. It stands, I'm afraid, as a sad indication of a lack of intellectual courage. Like other Southern children, I loved the comfortable warmth of indulgence and admiration felt in the society of the Negro house servants, and with my nurse I spent much time in the kitchen. As one of many favours, the cook, whenever she beat up a cake, which she did with terrible frequency, would invite me to stick my finger into the big yellow bowl of batter. It is hard to remember now why the touch of the soft, clinging mixture was so loathsome to me, but even at this distance I can understand the fierce disgust I felt when the blob of raw flour and butter and eggs passed my lips.

I should like to think that my inability to refuse the cook's good-natured invitation came from unwillingness to hurt the sweet black thing. I know, though, that it was nothing of the kind and that I was only caught in inexorable conservatism. All the little girls cook and nurse had (Continued on page 78)

The Weather of Our Soul

Our casual wit—spontaneous, good-natured—sweeping the country like a healing storm

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THERE are two kinds of weather to which people respond—the heat and humidity outside of us, and those of our inner being. There are cold spells of the spirit, too, and the people of a group or a nation can experience also a universal fever or sultriness of soul. We have instruments for recording external heat and humidity, the movements of wind and the precipitation of rain. But for all the development of social psychology, we have not succeeded in erecting an apparatus for registering those variations in human climate which are the moods and temper of a nation's soul.

On specific issues, with a debatable degree of accuracy, some of the polling and survey devices record these changes of opinion. The subtler, more delicate changes of mood which often decide opinion and action are not so easily or so expertly detectable.

But detectable they are. A countryman may have an instinctive sense of the weather, or discern its changes in little signs. So, too, those experienced in observing the weather in men's souls can read little signs or symptoms, not least in the anecdotes and jokes that, by rapid and mysterious grapevine, are widely current in a given period. Let one but know what stories are traded in the living-rooms and clubs and restaurants of a nation, and one has an index to what is going on in that nation's spirit.

The Intelligence Service of any nation could do worse to understand an enemy, or even to understand its own people, than to listen carefully to the stories and jokes being told. What we laugh at is something we think a little absurd. And what we think a little absurd is measured by what we think is just or sensible or decent or in the normal expectations of sane people. What we tell stories about are often things we would not allow ourselves to say too seriously—the ruefulness or regret or hope or aspiration we feel, the sorrow or the exaltation we could not quite expect or admit.

In America especially, what is in the smiles and laughter of many people is an index to what in their more serious moments they deeply care about. The joke is a symptom, the story a parable, the wisecrack a summary of the current climate of opinion. And often they travel so fast that one has the impression that telegraphers, at night, when perhaps the wires are a little less busy than usual, send them from one end of the country to the other.

LET us take a very recent instance. There can be scarcely a club or a living-room in the country that has not heard the following within the past few months. This is far from the first time it has appeared in print; and it was passed from mouth to mouth long before it was printed. It is the story of the complacent woman with a strong German accent, overheard in a street-car in New York, smugly hoping the war would last for years; her husband was earning so much in a war industry. A woman sitting nearby flushed, walked over to the stranger, and slapped her face.

"Take that," she said, "for my son who died at Pearl Harbor."

A world of feeling and of value is summed up in the grim little tale, a whole mountain of opinion about a war in which nothing is as much resented as turning a tragic necessity into private and selfish profit, in which the whole of the sacrifice is turned into a sordid inversion of its noblest hopes and its tragic necessities.

Take a less grim instance. Probably every hamlet in the country has by this time heard the tale of the motorist who found himself at a tiny filling station in a remote village in Vermont.

"What do you think of Henderson?" the visitor inquired.

"Who's he?" the attendant asked with mild interest.

"Ever hear of MacArthur, the Philippines, Bataan?" persisted the visitor.

"Nope," said the garage man, by now rather bored.

"Fill 'er up," said the motorist, "let me have four new tires, and I'm on my way."

One needs hardly be reminded of the dream world that is here wryly described, a world in which wars are never heard of, in which there is a spot so remote that tire and gas rationing have never been whispered, and where Pearl Harbor is an unknown spot on a remote and meaningless island. People all over the country have laughed at the tale because its fantasy is such a travesty on the stern facts, and they have adapted themselves to the grimness a little more easily because they have been able to laugh.

A FEW years ago, though it seems centuries now, the little tales, the little cracks were different. Nowadays, when young men are asked what they are studying at college they reply they are studying for the draft. In the boom days of 1929, one dowager was reputed, on the national grapevine of jokes, to have said to another, "But why does your son go to Yale? Does he expect to be a bond salesman?"

Or, another young man asked by Stephen Leacock what he was taking at college could answer that he was taking Turkish, Music, and Architecture. Did he expect to be choirmaster in a Turkish cathedral?

"No," he replied. "The classes come at nine o'clock, ten, and eleven."

And when the depression came, shoeshines at the hands of the poverty-stricken could be referred to as a Hoover luxury, or one was told to avoid walking under tall apartment buildings for fear of having some broker-suicide land on one's innocent head. The American way of life could be satirized as ragged individualism. The rich man was reputed on every hand to be reduced to his last yacht. And one was told that people sighed for the good old days of the panic of 1907.

Times and manners and jokes change. But times have never been too crucial to prevent the little bubbles of laughter from breaking through the tense surface of life. Even in countries where the lid is clamped down tightly, revolt has bubbled up in queer little jokes passed from mouth to mouth.

Thus, the little tale brought home again and again from Germany, of the American who determined to find out what the Germans really thought of Hitler. He asked a friend whom he thought he could trust.

"Well," the friend said, when he was quite sure they were alone, "now I can talk freely, I suppose. Well," he turned

to be sure no one was looking, and whispered hoarsely, "Well, as to Hitler, frankly, I like him."

Or the Englishman, recently, when the Russians alone seemed to be stopping Hitler: "Well," the Englishman was reputed to have said as he looked up from his paper, in a train out of London, "we don't seem to be doing so badly."

A gloomy fellow passenger looked at him.

He said, "You speak English very well for a Russian."

Now America at war is filled with these little moral tales. Of the dear old lady who was annoyed because the grocer refused to accept her ration tickets as sufficient payment for sugar. Of the irascible gentleman who said to the air-raid warden:

"Well, just *when* is this air raid supposed to take place?"

Of the woman registering for Red Cross nursing who asked whether it committed her to service abroad.

Tales come back, too, from the expeditionary forces abroad. The soldier who writes back to his girl—in answer to a cabled inquiry as to what is so wonderful about the Australian girls—"What is so wonderful about them is that they are here."

The Boston private in Northern Ireland who remarks to his buddy:

"Wish we were back in Boston. I'd show you a place where we could get a really good Irish stew."

Out of Washington, too, come the little myths and ironies. Of the bureau that couldn't be created because the alphabet was all used up; of the discovery by her family that Mrs. Roosevelt had been away more than a week; of the United Nations diplomat who found himself speaking to the Chinese Ambassador of the Japs as "the little yellow bellies;" of the three business men crowded into one hotel bed, and one turning to the other and asking, "How long have you been in Washington?"

Some of these parables, like the last, are inventions of artists in *The New Yorker*. Many are the anonymous fruits of grinning, half-harassed, half-amused minds in the midst of war.

This habit of joking about things that grimly matter is not well understood in totalitarian countries. It has misled foreigners who have never realized that Englishmen and Americans could be serious without being solemn. These sly, wry, dry comments on things that plague and encourage us are important symptoms. They show which way the wind is blowing and how people react even to whirlwinds.

The stories and jokes are, for the most part, good-natured and are genial even when they are desperate. Even the jokes at the expense of Hitler tend to make him ridiculous rather than sinister; even the terror of bombardment becomes a matter for quizzical comment:

"If it comes by day," a college student remarked, "even my philosophy professor will have to wake up. There'll be no more sleeping through his own lectures."

Young men about to risk their lives uncomplainingly make dates to be filled at Tokyo or Berlin. People ready to make real sacrifices like to joke about the horror of doing without two pieces of sugar in coffee, or missing afternoon tea. Old jibes at Generals or Second Lieutenants, familiar from the last war, are revived in this one.

The old grouses at the discomforts of Army life—the favourite pastime in any Army—are finding their voice in sly parables about the food, the lodging, amusements, and pay. The loneliness of men in camps, their hunger for news of home and for the gaieties of civilian romance find their wistful voice in a witticism or a sardonic phrase.

What is perhaps most revealing in these symptomatic echoes and portents is their essential good nature, and the fundamental patience and hope in them. There is little bitterness and almost no despair. The war is to most Americans, in and out of the Armed Forces, like life itself in peacetime, full of minor and sometimes major troubles, but nothing that a clear head and a warm heart and a resilient will can not see through and even see around.

"War psychology" is simply a name for the way human beings, always essentially human, are observed to "react" in time of war. Not the least revealing fact about American war psychology is that the irrepressible stream of stories and quips appear to flow as much as they do in peacetime. The weather in our souls is still sunny, the wind free. Perhaps this ought to give the Axis powers pause, if they could understand it.

This is a grim world we are living in—terror, destruction, tyranny, are not, it would seem, laughing matters. Neither are the profound dislocations of life, of which the spread of rationing, the change-over of long-established habits of life in education and industry are symptoms. The issue of the war is not a light one, nor is its settlement, or the settlement of the peace after it easy.

All true, and most Americans know all about that, more than their leaders often give them credit for knowing. But the fact that these urgencies of war can be translated into wit and seen for a flashing moment of laughing liberation at arm's length is all to the good. It means that we are not become a nation of fanatics, but season our determination with a sense of proportion.

For the sense of humour is simply a reasonable perspective, finding a chuckling expression. Having it will save us from being too bowled over by momentary disaster, too relaxed by momentary victory. It will help us, too, to escape the occupational diseases of war, hate, hysteria, despair. These are the psychological ills that spread easily in a war and last often after it is over. The hate that is nourished against enemies turns upon groups at home; the despair corrodes every effort to make life more bearable and interesting and beautiful; it corrodes even the essential effort to win the war. And hysteria helps no activity in war or peace. It is well that we can make light, or at least make light words, of the inconveniences, and worse, we shall all have to suffer.

It is healthy that in our quips and cracks we speak nonchalantly of the whole grave disturbance of all our lives as if it were but an interruption.

"I'll be back any year now," I heard a young drafted man say, "just keep your eye on the country for the duration, will you? I'll be busy for a while."

For in a profound sense, war is an interruption of the humane and interesting future of life for free men. It is well that we can smile at ourselves sufficiently not to begin to take war as the whole of life for the whole of future history.It is well that we see through the pompousness of officialdom. "The illumination must be terminated," wrote one civil defense official. A country is not likely to grow fanatic whose President can remind the public that that means simply "Put out the lights."

We can see the absurdity even of ourselves. This helps us to see the more dangerous absurdity of the enemies of a free world. Only free men can laugh, and their laughter is itself a threat to the destroyers of freedom. Only men strong in themselves can afford to be good-natured. The good-nature of most current "stories" is not to be mistaken for weakness. It is a sign of men not too frightened to be kind.

They Work in War Plants

Some facts about women in war plants; some tips on how to get in one yourself

BY LYDIA SHERWOOD

THERE is a type of woman who is fond of exclaiming, "I think I'll go get a job in a munitions factory!" in somewhat the same tone that she might use to announce that she was going to take the veil. The idea has, to her, an appealing quality of Renunciation. She visualizes herself in a denim coverall, an arc-welder's mask, and asbestos gauntlets, framed in a geyser of sparks, while somewhere above her the Navy's "E" pennant flutters symbolically. She will, in all probability, never do anything further about it.

There is another type of woman who just goes ahead and gets a job in a war factory. Around three-quarters of a million American women have succeeded in doing this so far in World War II. They are the vanguard of an army of women war workers which may, before the end of 1942, exceed 2,000,000, and may exceed 6,000,000 in 1943.

Seeing them outside the plant, it is hard to tell them from any other group of American women between, roughly, eighteen and thirty-five years old. Few of them wear any distinguishing uniform except at work, and sometimes not even then (although one Buffalo aircraft factory dresses its girls in identical powder-blue jackets, powder-blue slacks, and navy-blue snoods). But you may be able to spot, somewhere about them, the round, serial-numbered identification badge that is the proud insigne of the war worker.

The girls come from what are sweepingly known as all walks of life. Some used to work in factories making civilian goods; some were office workers, cooks, housewives, débutantes, waitresses, or models. Some have never held a paid job of any kind until now.

As the war goes on, and the normal labor supply is used up, more and more of the women who enter war plants will be drawn from the last-named category—from women who have never worked before. They are classified in Government reports as "new workers," or as "persons not normally a part of the labor force." This article is a brief history of two women who belong to this group, and who are now working full time in war plants. Both of them are young; neither of them had ever so much as seen the inside of a factory until she got her present job; neither, in the normal course of events, would ever have been likely to see the inside of one.

TAKE, for example, the case of Nancy Blackford. Nancy is a pretty, dark-haired girl from Spartanburg, South Carolina, who not long ago was going through all the motions proper to a young Southern gentlewoman of her age (she is just twenty-one years old). She attended the Chatham Hall School at Chatham, Virginia, and Miss Hewitt's Classes in New York, both admirable institutions of learning which devote considerable time to instructing their pupils in the technique of entering a drawing-room and grasping a teapot firmly by the handle. The technique of entering a machine-shop, and grasping a turret lathe or punch press, has been, however, quite properly ignored in their curricula.

After that, Nancy made a decorous début in Charleston, home of the Ravenel, the wrought-iron balcony, and the St. Cecilia Ball. But Nancy differs from the traditional concept of a Southern belle in that she's irrepressibly energetic, with an active, inquisitive mind. The easygoing Southern schedule left entirely too much time on her hands; and she rejected the idea of college as "too darn sheltered." Like many another spirited Southern girl before her, she decided to go to New York and get a job.

SINCE February of this year, Nancy has been working for the Sperry Gyroscope Company, the famous Brooklyn instrument firm which, in several huge factories, is turning out bombsights, gyro-compasses, automatic pilots, and around one hundred and eighty other kinds of precision instruments for the Army and Navy. Their inner workings, and the rate at which they are being produced, are closely-guarded secrets.

This fact has been strongly impressed upon all of Sperry's thousands of employees, including Nancy Blackford. But, in Nancy's case, the responsibility is lightened by the fact that she has little or no idea what the inner workings of the instruments she helps to make are all about. Nancy works in the Grinding Department; her job is to operate a machine which removes minute roughnesses and imperfections from small, rather featureless metal parts that are being prepared for assembly into instruments. The roughnesses are known as burrs, and the operation of removing them is called burring. It is more or less the same operation as that being performed by the girls in the photograph on the opposite page.

The kind of work Nancy does is known in industrial circles as "unskilled repetitive labor." But it is neither as easy nor as dull as it sounds. If the machine slips ever so slightly and makes a tiny scratch, the part has to be sent back to be reground. This wounds not only the workers' professional pride, but their patriotic desire to do the job quickly. "You have to be on your toes," says Nancy. "You can't have all this junk done over again."

Monotony is avoided, sometimes narrowly, by the variation between the parts to be burred, since the firm makes many different instruments, and each instrument has hundreds or thousands of component parts. Assembled, they are mechanisms of incredible delicacy and precision; separately, they are simply rather undistinguished little pieces of metal. A recurrent one is a small metal bar with five holes punched in it. Nancy refers to them all, cheerfully, as gadgets.

Nancy works from eight o'clock in the morning to four-thirty in the afternoon every day for alternate six- and seven-day weeks. She gets every other Sunday off, or two days off per month. The working day is broken by two fifteen-minute relief periods in the morning and one in the afternoon, and by the lunch period, from twelve-thirty to one. The girls either bring their own lunches or send a boy out for sandwiches, and they eat at their benches.

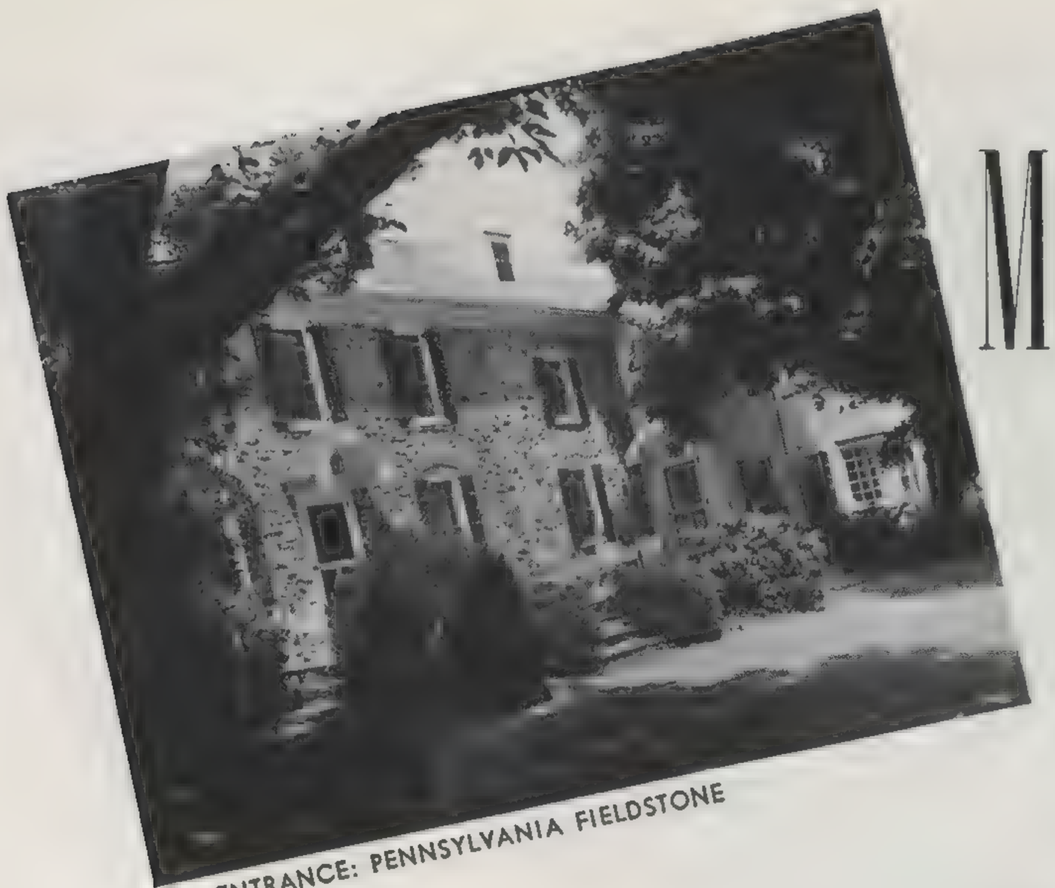
Nancy, alone of all the girls in the Grinding Department, usually brings along a book to read at lunch—lately she's been reading Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. Because of this and other unconventionalities, and because she's from the South, the foreman of her division refers to her jokingly as "The Rebel."

The percentage of girls in the Grinding Department is still comparatively small (actual numbers of employees are secret), and they all sit together; (Continued on page 76)

LOFMAN

WOMEN WAR-WORKERS

Here are two of the three-quarter million American women now working in war industry, supplying the United Nations forces with planes, tanks, guns. These two run grinding machines in the Curtiss-Wright propeller factory in New Jersey, making propellers for the famous Curtiss P-40s and other planes. An article about women in war industry is on the opposite page


THE ENTRANCE: PENNSYLVANIA FIELDSTONE

MOSS HART'S FARM-FOLLY

My Pennsylvania extravagance--
my appalling little dream-farm--
my beautiful white elephant

By Moss Hart

TYPICAL American farm of a typical American playwright, Moss Hart's Bucks County Farm is a constant source of inspiration to him in his work, since the Farm's constant and consistent losses keep him constantly and consistently writing plays.

Typical is "You Can't Take It with You," the royalties of which went to pay for the swimming-pool (not shown here); or "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which paid for the tennis-court and a disastrously bad potato crop; or, more lately, "Lady in the Dark," which helped nobly to combat the elm blight and the inchworm.

Typical is the large, open fireplace (seen opposite), the old beams, and the sound of the mortgage settling. Typical is the collection of Washingtonia. Two plays paid for this. Typical are the Saturday-night gatherings of celebrities—the Herbert Bayard Swopes, the William Paleys, the Dick Rodgers, the smattering of farm folk.

Typical are the meals, served with only farm-produced vegetables. Radishes, home-grown, range about $1.25 each, and champagne is usually served instead of milk—turned out to be cheaper than keeping that herd of cows. See the dining-room opposite, but note that Helen Hayes, Helen Mencken, and other Helens—on a typical Helen week-end—simply are not there. Typical is Moss Hart himself, who is often found planting Gertrude Lawrence for the next season. He is even beginning to *look* like Ethan Frome.

THE BAR: WITH EGOTISTIC TOUCHES

THE LIBRARY: BROWN SOFA, BEIGE WALLS, AND ME

I FARM, AS I WRITE, SPASMODICALLY

NYHOLM

THE LIVING-ROOM: FLOWERED CHINTZ, FLOWERED RUG, FLOWERY AMERICAN FURNITURE

PART OF THE WASHINGTONIA COLLECTION

DINING-ROOM: FIELDSTONE FIREPLACE, WHITE WALLS, FARM PRODUCE

BEDROOM: ROSES ON WALL-PAPER, MOSS-GREEN CARPET

Gracie Fields

SWEETHEART OF THE EMPIRE

A Lancashire lass with a voice of brass, dream girl of British sailors, soldiers, of King George and Queen Elizabeth, Gracie Fields is now amusing and delighting Americans. She sings on the air, and at innumerable benefits throughout the country. A rowdy, nothing-sacred mimic, she is shown here singing her latest hit, "The Yanks are coming again," in her fine, high-handed manner

GJON MILI

Famously generous, Gracie Fields is the largest individual contributor to the coffers of British War Relief. (Her total, up to date, is the astounding sum of $2,291,837, representing the net take of her American-Canadian tour.) The Nazi press, wrathfully calling attention to this, now claims she has earned the equivalent of one hundred Spitfires, solemnly proclaims her "a war industry" She started at seven with an act that earned her two dollars. Her motto was, still is, "If you can't be good, be loud." Today she is an Empire favourite. The King has awarded her the title, Commander of the British Empire; England has given her the "freedom of her native town, Rochdale, Lancashire." Gracie flippantly explains this honour as "a lifetime of free tram rides, a silver casket"

Two quiz games

The $64 question

EVERY Sunday night at ten o'clock, millions listen to "Take It Or Leave It," a double-or-nothing quiz program. And millions triumph when one of the sailors, housewives, soldiers, or girls—questioned by Phil Baker—gives the right answer to the final $64 question.

Here are twenty-five of those final questions. Answer them all, and you win a mythical $1,600, proving you're one of the super-well-informed; fifteen of them, and you know enough to be conversationally bright, but not annoying; less than five, and we hope you're beautiful. The answers are all on page 77.

1. Are tigers native to Africa—or to Asia?
2. Is copra animal, mineral, or vegetable?
3. What U.S. Army Officer wears one silver star?
4. What great Italian artist painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican?
5. Who are Charles and Mary Beard?
6. Is the kinkajou a real or unreal animal?
7. Of what ship was Oliver Wendell Holmes thinking when he wrote, "Ay! tear the tattered ensign down"?
8. In what book did a little boy walk all the way from London to Dover to see his Great-Aunt Betsy?
9. What was the name of the man Cio Cio San loved?
10. Who wrote *The Magic Mountain?*
11. What monarch was sitting on the British throne at the beginning of the twentieth century?
12. Which science deals with insects, entomology, or etymology?
13. What's the capital of Turkey?
14. Which city is further West, New York or Santiago, Chile?
15. Plato was the pupil and disciple of what great teacher?
16. The hero of what American book ate "Bread and butter and applesauce and sugar"?
17. What great Roman was murdered on the Ides of March in 44 B. C.?
18. What writer created the detective, Mr. Moto?
19. In what American city do the Lowells talk only to the Cabots, the Cabots only to God?
20. What great present-day British statesman is a grandson of a Duke of Marlborough?
21. What president appointed General Douglas MacArthur Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army?
22. Was Dick Turpin or Ben the famous eighteenth-century highwayman?
23. Did Napoleon die on Elba or St. Helena?
24. Which is larger—a pound of water or a pound of ice?
25. What president concluded that "when a great many people are unable to find work, unemployment results"?

Turn to page 77 for answers

Did you notice?

EVERY day of the week, thousands of reporters, detectives, and Intelligence Officers test their observation and memory with pictures far less clear than these. What kind of observer would you be?

This test will tell you. At right are five small reproductions of pictures in this issue of Vogue. Turn to the page indicated (page numbers are given above each set of questions) and study each picture for two minutes. Then, turn back to this page, folding under the little reproductions. Answer carefully, giving yourself one point for each question. If you score over thirty, you're in the Sherlock Holmes class; over twenty, and you'll make a good reporter; less than twenty, and you're no Mata Hari.

1. Trim cape, page 20

(a) You noticed the soldier. Is he seated or standing? .....
(b) Is the young woman wearing any jewellery? .....
(c) What branch of the Army does he belong to? ....
(d) Is the young woman wearing a fur hat? .
(e) Does an eagle appear in the picture? . .
(f) How many sky-scrapers are shown? .....
(g) Is the sun shining? Give reasons for your answer... .

2. Inseparable trio, page 30

(a) What is this young woman standing on? .....
(b) What kind of gloves is she wearing? ....
(c) What kind of stockings is she wearing? ...
(d) Which way does the stitching on her shoes go? ....
(e) How many buttons are showing on her shirt?
(f) Is there any reading matter in the picture? .....
(g) How many trees are shown? .

3. Ensign and Mrs. Bliss, page 39

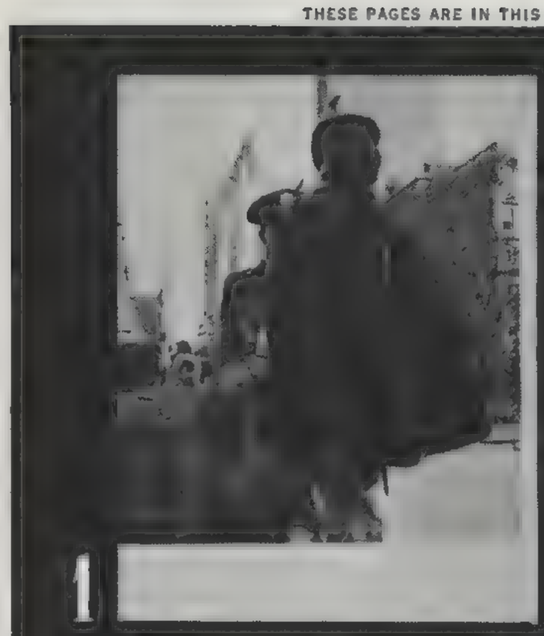
(a) Mr. Bliss is taking his wife's picture, isn't he? . .
(b) Is she wearing a hat? .....
(c) Is Mrs. Bliss wearing a ruffled blouse? .....
(d) Which foot has Mr. Bliss put forward? .....
(e) Where is the fan-shaped object? .....
(f) What is shown in the background? .....
(g) Is the picture taken at street level? .....

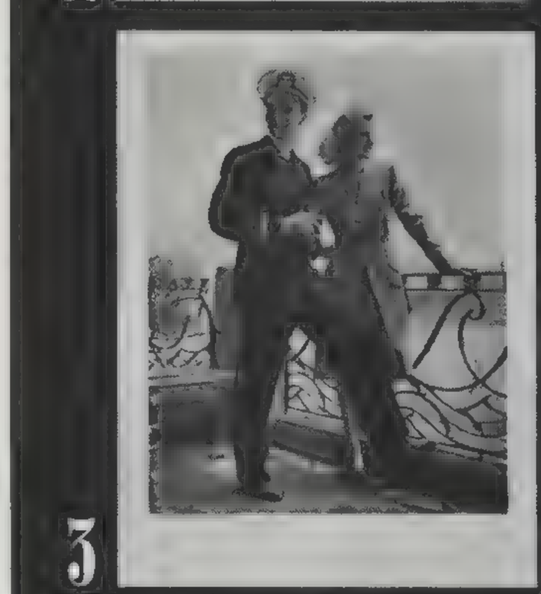
4. Satin on wool, page 65

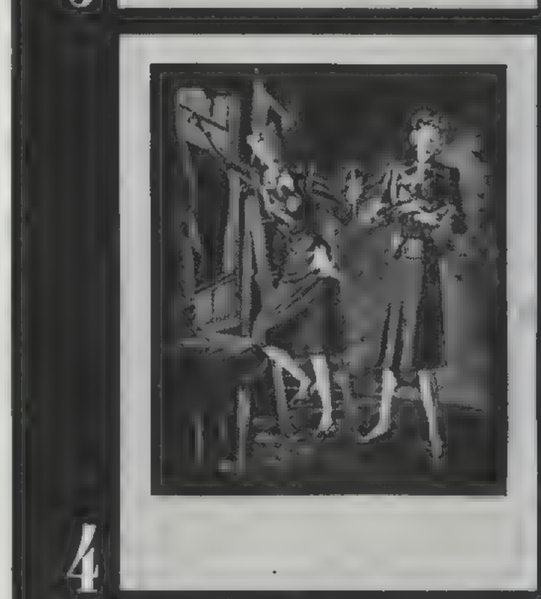
(a) Which of these two girls is wearing flat shoes? .
(b) What is the other girl doing? .
(c) Is the girl wearing flat shoes holding hammer?
(d) One of these girls is holding nails. How many? .
(e) How many statues are shown? .....
(f) How many books are there on the table? .....
(g) What are the initials of the artist? ....

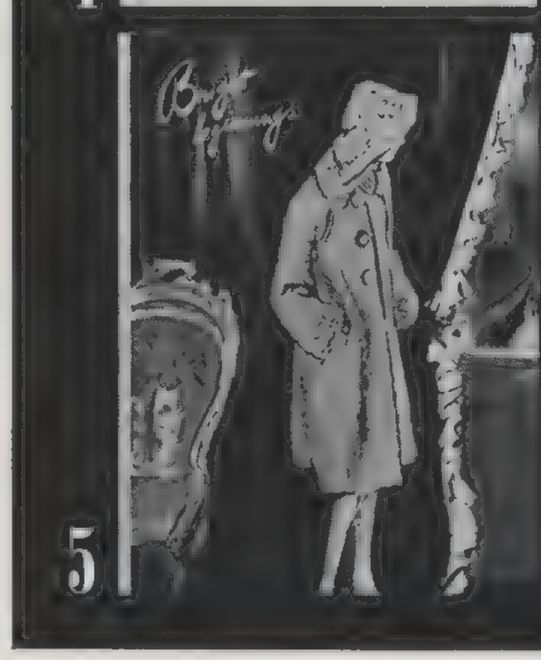
5. Bright beginnings, page 33

(a) Count the colours, not counting black or white. . .
(b) Is this room in the country? .....
(c) What is the colour of the girl's eyes? .....
(d) How many buttons are shown on her coat? .....
(e) Is she in front of the window? .....
(f) What did you notice on the curtain? .... .
(g) What is the name of the artist? .... . .









Turn to page 77 for the answers

BUYING BLACK-OUT CURTAINS...two civilians ordering air-raid equipment ...both wearing new wool-and-satin costumes as black as the curtains. First: Tailored jacket of black satin (pure silk) over a wool skirt; $40. Second: Black wool dress, satin-trimmed; $40. Satin hats by Josephi. Hats and dresses; Saks-Fifth Ave. Dresses; Neiman-Marcus; Ransohoffs

BLACK ON BLACK

SATIN ON WOOL

HANGING BLACK-OUT CURTAINS. It's no trick at all with these new shades. The girl with the hammer (one nail, and up the shade goes) wears autumn's new blouse and skirt: black silk satin blouse, wool skirt; $50. On the other girl, black silk satin schoolgirl blouse and wool skirt; $50. Both costumes; at Bonwit Teller; Carson Pirie Scott; L. S. Ayres

MRS. CARSTAIRS MAKES ONE DRESS INTO TWO

Private Enterprise

MRS. CARROLL CARSTAIRS, the former Burks Yuille, has a dress system all her own. So successful a one, she's often named as one of America's ten best-dressed. This summer, she thought up this enterprising idea—an evening wardrobe of "units." The basic "units" are a simple black skirt and jumper. One night, she'll add a black lace overskirt (see left). The next, a white lace overskirt and scarf (below). Again, perhaps, a printed overskirt

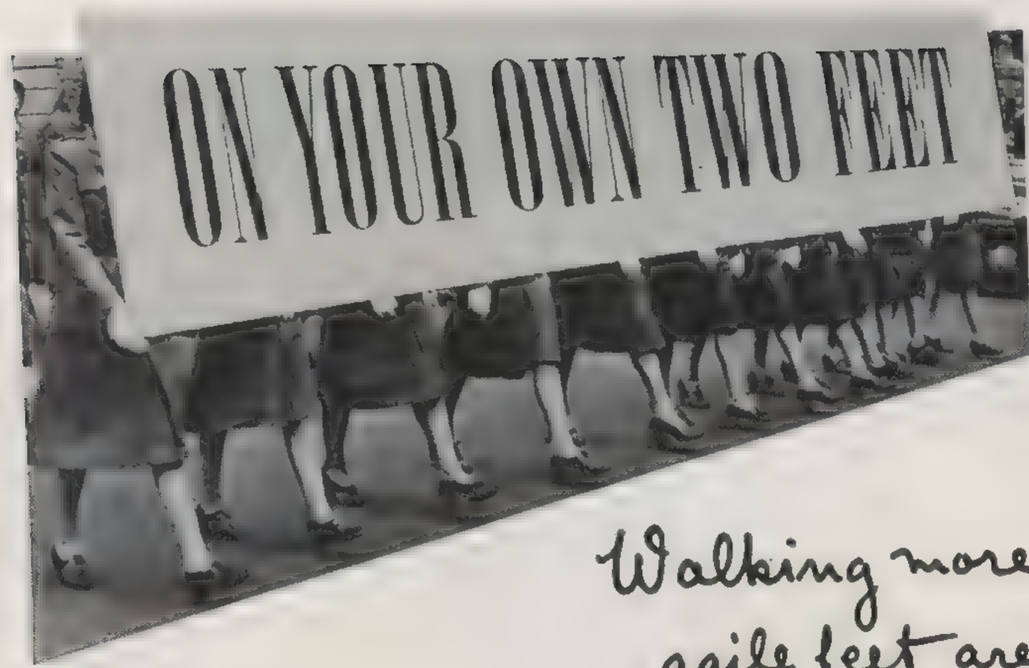
HORST

Two very personal, very profitable systems practised by the well-dressed

MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN, the wife of the novelist, is the half-American, half-Greek beauty—the former Atlanta Mercati. Her clothes system is the trusty, economic one...few clothes, but faultless ones. A capital idea, when capital is limited.

On this page, you see a little economic measure she practises week-ends, involving little money, and less luggage space. She arrives in a black-and-white striped flannel suit (right), which she brightens with a violet linen blouse. Sometimes, she adds a shocking-pink scarf and giant camellia. The next day, she teams the violet blouse with a violet linen skirt (above), wears it to the beach or to Sunday lunch. Though you'd never suspect it. she's worn the violet dress three summers

MRS. ARLEN MAKES TWO COSTUMES SERVE A WEEK-END



Walking more, riding less, agile feet are national assets. Here are ways to keep them so

SUDDENLY your feet (which you've probably been underprivileging for years) are your most important method of locomotion. And they deserve, at very least, the pampering you used to lavish as a matter of course on your car.

If you never could understand the mysterious workings of a motor, it didn't really matter much. Repairs were usually simple. But you should go back a little to Freshman anatomy and try to understand the not so mysterious working of your foot. Do you remember?—the foot is delicately constructed of 26 small bones, divided into three groups, the tarsus (main arch), the os calcis (heel-bone), the metatarsus (just behind the toe bones), and the toes. The foot can break (slide or stretch from its normal position) with the greatest of ease. It's low-man in a balancing act, supporting a very impressive pyramid of weight for its size. The displacement of any one of these bones creates an ugly, useless foot, and severe pain.

Foot trouble is never subtle. Feet are not the suffer-in-silence type. They demand relief. A podiatrist is usually the best, the quickest solution. If the foot has a serious defect, consult an orthopedic surgeon. With diathermy, massage, manipulation, exercise, and neat strapping, the usual foot strain can be cleared up. Even if the foot is badly strained, health can be restored in about four or six weeks. If the foot is weak, the treatment may take two to four weeks longer, and the patient may have to depend on a leather foot mould inside the shoe for as long as a year later. But the results in both cases will give you that blithe feeling of walking a bit above, instead of tied down to, the pavement.

PREVENTING foot trouble is a matter of a few very simple rules. The first one is to remember that the foot is normally very set in its ways. It doesn't like the ups and downs of life, and definitely prefers a level, monotonous existence. If you have trained your adult foot to high heels, don't suddenly get conscience-stricken, and buy some Nice Sensible Shoes. The podiatrist's most frequent patient is the woman who has been handing out this misguided philanthropy to her feet. If you have to seek ground level, suddenly, for your work-in-uniform, or for active sports, save yourself endless hours of agony by strengthening your foot with exercises. (You'll find these described at the end of this article.) On the other hand (or foot), if you are a low-heeled addict, consistently, don't throw over your convictions for one glorious waltzing night, in spikes.

The shoe was originally designed to protect the foot—and now that you are walking again it must again play the rôle of protector. The shoe must fit—but that is only incidentally a question of size. More important is the last of the shoe. When you find a last which exactly suits your foot, buy it season after season. Shoe departments carry the same lasts for years and change its appearance by constant new fashions, a variety of leathers and heel heights. If you consistently wear the same perfect last, it will usually shorten your foot a whole size by the end of a year.

THOSE fine-threaded, wispy-strengthened stockings you wear can be, if they're too small for you, almost as foot-crippling as a splint. They are second offenders to shoes in causing useless feet. Lisle stockings, which we shall be wearing more and more, are always very satisfactory in keeping your feet healthy. The thing to remember about both ill-fitting shoes and ill-fitting stockings is that you can never break them in. They'll break your foot first.

Exercise is the best preventive, and the best accessory treatment for troubled feet. Exercises should be done in the morning when the body is fresh—and without shoes and stockings. Here are the time-tested favourites, all simple, quick, and gratifying:

I. You can start with an easy one: walk for ten minutes each day on a straight line, pigeon-toed. (When walking or standing at all other times, keep the feet parallel.)

II. Place your feet over the edge of a big book, with the ball of the foot at the edge. Point the toes downward and leave them there for a minute until you feel a stretching sensation in your toes. Repeat this ten times a day. Or try to pick up a pencil or a marble with four toes—ten times.

III. Stand with both feet on a square, about a foot apart, feet parallel. Then raise the inner side of your feet first, then your heels, until you are on your toes. Return on the outer side of your feet until you touch the ground with the whole sole of the feet. Ten times a day.

IV. This is especially good for the foot which suddenly gets into a working shoe, from a high-heeled shoe: Stand behind a chair, both feet in a straight line. Then place one foot in back of the other, a step apart. Point the toes in, keep the foot in back on the ground, knee straight. Then bend the front knee, until you feel a pulling in the calf of the leg. Alternate, repeat ten times. (Don't try it if you have varicose veins.)

RAWLINGS

THE GREAT-BAG

How right—how really right, these days, to buy a bag with a future. A crocodile bag that will last and last. Here, a Koret "investment" bag. Its leather lining will endure as long as its crocodile exterior. Its price—$80. With it, longish cotton gloves; bulky gold-on-silver necklace. You might wear it the way this girl does—with a gabardine suit, a flip beret. All from Bonwit Teller. Koret bag also at Marshall Field; I. Magnin

Lemon-bearing bay-tree

City roof into Edwardian parlour

Old bureau into sideboard

Blackout shades made beautiful

Easel—waterproof-painted

Ideas To Let...

Quick, uncostly tricks for roofs and rooms

Old frame with flower shadow-box

CHANCES are, you and your house will be seeing more of each other, this summer. Chances are, you may even be spending your holiday at home, this summer. To make your four walls happier to live with, we give you here a few quick conversion tricks—none of them costly, most of them conjured up out of things salvaged from the attic or Third Avenue, all of them cool and airy and spirit-lifting.

• Transform a large old Victorian picture into a shadow-box—a sort of flower-bed under glass. Paint the frame and interior of the box white, substitute a mirror for the painting and arrange in it a clashing bouquet of magenta, pink, and pale blue fake flowers. See how McMillen, Inc., does this—at the right.

• Put to a new amusing use all those personal photographs you have collected for years. Tack them onto a special wall-paper which William Pahlmann designed for just this purpose. The wall-paper is printed with frames strung up by straps. In each frame, you put a photograph—the dramatic result you can see at the right, used here in a game-room at Lord and Taylor.

• To conserve space—if your living-room is also your dining-room—have built in a dining-table that disappears into the wall like a Murphy bed. William Pahlmann designed the one at the lower right. When not in use, it folds up against the wall, you draw the window-curtains over it...and no one is the wiser.

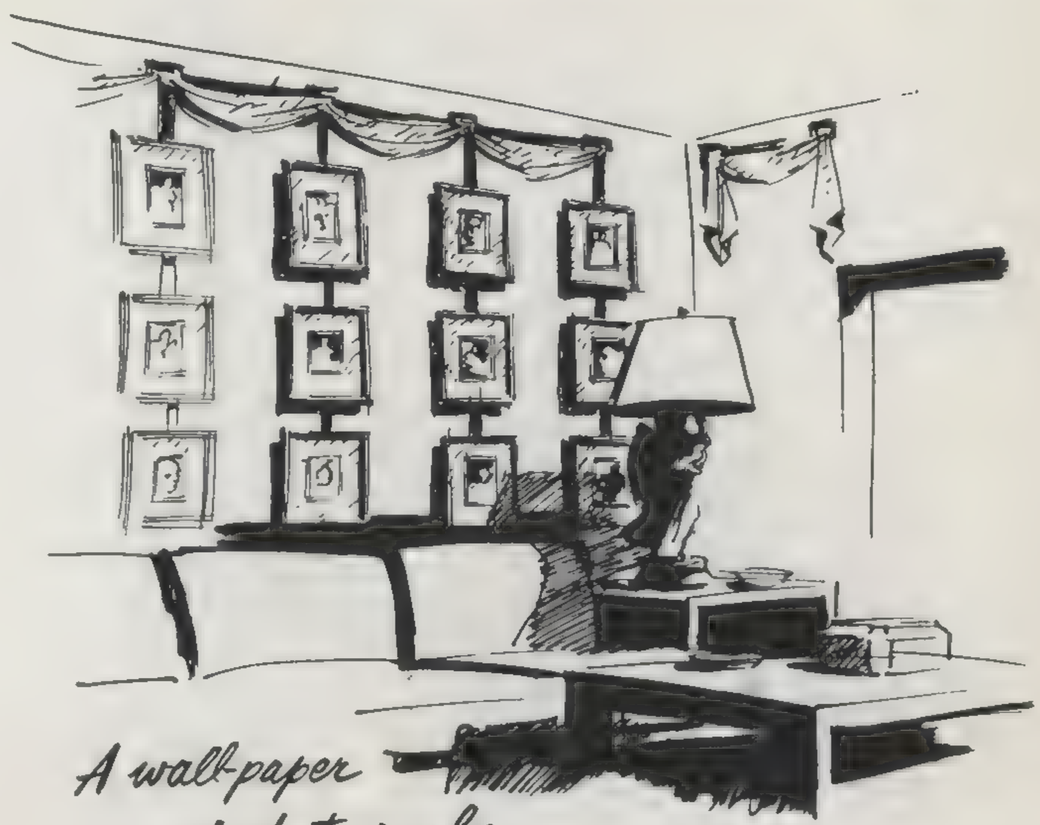
• Camouflage your blackout curtains so that they don't cast a mournful note in your room. Paint the inside of the curtain with a decorative design—perhaps a bouquet of flowers, a landscape, a festoon of drapery, or a white marble bust against a blue sky—as you see on the opposite page. This is just one of the clever blackout camouflages designed in the competition Ruby Ross Wood sponsored at the Parsons School of Design.

• If you have a roof or terrace, don't leave it all open to the sun and stars and soot. Cover half of it with a wooden awning, so that you have a sheltered little sitting-room. George Stacey converted part of one New York roof—you see it opposite—into a small Edwardian parlour. He hung the sides with waterproof green curtains, marbleized the floor with waterproof deck paint, scattered about artificial grass rugs, and furnished it with ex-attic furniture, painted white, and upholstered in pink.

• Since roofs rarely have walls, hang a picture on an old artist's easel, painted white. Rent for the summer a big bay-tree, and group around its base pots of red and pink geraniums.

• Hang real lemons on a bay-tree.

• Paint an old bureau white and convert it into a plant-stand, thriving with geraniums. Or let it serve as a sideboard in a casual indoor dining-room or in a semi-enclosed outdoor one.



A wall-paper of photographs

Disappearing table for a dining-sitting-room

A DOUBLE-DUTY FACTORY

Nail Polish and Plane Parts Are Made Side by Side

MANICURED HANDS CHANGE A DRILL

OKAY—WITHIN A THOUSANDTH OF AN INCH

If you'd had only your pattern of genes to rely on, you would not have been nearly as pretty as you are. But, fortunately for you, you have had the great pattern of American industry to rely on—you have had the world's best mass-produced cosmetics, shoes, dresses, stockings, and foundation garments. You have been given more lustre and more self-confidence—at a price.

But now the industries which have turned out these aids to your beauty are gradually being used to turn out aids to the War. And in many cases are doing both at the same time.

The Northam Warren plant is a very good example of what will happen in many of these factories. Here, in peacetime, they manufactured millions of bottles of Cutex nail polish a year. And now in wartime, they are continuing to make nail polish—but are also making intricate parts of airplanes, as well.

This is not legerdemain. It is just a small tapping of the great reservoirs of our strength as an industrial nation. From beauty to airplane parts, from efficiency to more efficiency, is a story our fashions and cosmetics industries are telling daily.

At the Cutex plant last autumn, they used their engineering talent to make their own tools and machines for war work. Then they set up a Trade School for the most intelligent, most skilful girls on their nail polish assembly-line. These girls learned a new trade, after working hours, and learned it well. They are producing far more than early schedules forecast.

In this grimy, heavy work of a machine shop, the girls still care for their hands, their faces, their clothes. They seem not to find their hard work hard. They know they are sending something very tangible to their brothers, husbands, fathers at the front.

HIGH SKILL—HIGH-VOLTAGE TESTER

KARGER

THE CUTEX ASSEMBLY-LINE KEEPS ROLLING

WAR ASSEMBLY-LINE KEEPS THEM FLYING

Subtle Magic FOR SUMMER LOVELINESS

Busy, vital summer days...with you looking iceberg cool in your exquisite "Glamour" make-up by Chanel. Powder, delicate as the down on a butterfly's wing . . . discreetly scented with No. 5 or Gardenia . . . brilliant accent of silk-smooth "Glamour" lipstick.

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LONG HAIR, SHORT LOOK

You need not clip your hair to have it look clipped, terse, in keeping with the times. Sometimes, cutting off a longish bob to a short mop of curls is a wrench. If you are timid about that all-out shortness, and that vision of a six-month's sentence in letting it grow long again—here are two suggestions.

Here are two coiffures, by two leading hair-dressers—who have, besides these, a shop-full of similar tricks which they can conjure up for you. Which they will recommend according to your needs, the texture of your hair, and the structure of your face. Combs and barrettes are used instead of scarce hairpins.

• Above: For you who want to cut your length—and keep it, too, this is a good coiffure. This Vogue model must keep her hair quite long, for the versatility she needs for posing. But here she has had it divided into three braids, fastens it with ribboned combs for a coronet. The coiffure: by Lura de Gez.
• Below: This Vogue model keeps her hair almost shoulder-length. She, too, finds that long hair has the adaptability she needs for her job. But she can make it look shorter, look neater. She has it set with a broken wave, framing her face; or she brushes it into a circle of curls. Coiffure: Werner of Switzerland.

JOFFÉ

I WANTED TO DRAW

(Continued from page 25)

Any swift visual impression could arouse the old desire and set me searching frantically for paper and pencil, to make just one more stab at drawing. The last of these attempts brought the nearest hint of what was wrong. I was living on the campus of a great technical institute in the Urals, where I was teaching Basic English. From the couch on which I was resting after the day's ardors, I could see across the passage into the kitchen. In the middle of the tiny kitchen my maid, Dunyasha, one of the loveliest persons I have ever met, was sitting under the lamp, reading *Anna Karenina* with moving lips. Dunyasha had not long mastered the technique of reading, which had been just as much the dream of her life as the mastery of drawing had been mine. She was so still and absorbed in the lamplight, the turn of her withered neck, the folds of her tightly-bound flowered kerchief, and the fall of her apron were so full of grace that I reached out almost mechanically for paper and pencil.

Swirl First

The nearest paper happened to be a pupil's notebook, entrusted to me for quite other purposes, and I used it almost all up, only to throw each drawing aside in despair and mortification. I sent them all to Tanya, now an art student. "You see how I have tried," I wrote. "Why doesn't anything ever come of it?" "You try too hard, darling," she answered. "You have to be able to see the whole thing all the time in a kind of swirl. I can't explain."

But that was the nearest to an explanation I was ever to get, till I came to America, where I found a teacher who made me do the "kind of swirl" first, and then draw what I saw in it.

The instructions given to me to help me find this teacher made me feel rather like the boy who was told to go through a door and along a passage till he came to a chamber with a dog with eyes as big as saucers in it. I pressed the little button at the bottom of the stairs, the way they told me I should, and the door swung mysteriously open, the way they said it would. (This seems very ordinary to you; I think it is marvellous.) I went up with beating heart, and there she stood at the top, looking down at me out of her great light eyes, as if she really was guarding a treasure, and I guess she was, too. She pinned a bit of black-out paper on a board, and gave me a lovely sharp white pencil, and there was I, back at the blackboard, only the blackboards I have known have not been so smooth and night-black, but mostly very bumpy and grey, and the fine white pencil was not much like the scratchy bits of chalk I had had to draw with in my classes.

Swift Impressions

She told me afterwards that she had never seen anyone get their impressions down so swiftly. Perhaps those years at the blackboard, teaching English grammar with a fluid line, and always being ready before the next pupil had got over his gaping at the one before, were not in vain. Say not the struggle naught availeth, for life can be very oblique in its technique sometimes, and by just sticking to the job we may be building better than we know.

This is not the place to describe my teacher's method, she's written a book about it herself, and I still consider the chief thing she did for me was to tell me I was good, in a voice that sounded like she meant it, and a conviction that could not have been faked. This does not mean that she has not a pretty slick technique of her own, but if it were not based upon sympathy and intuition it would, I am convinced, be nothing. Afterwards I watched her with another little beginner of fifty-odd, and I saw how she made this student give everything that was in her, by sheer sympathy, plus, of course, the works. Ever since my first lesson I have been drawing steadily, and I get a kick out of almost every drawing I make, even if nobody else does. I never give up my drawings in a pet now. In fact, I walked into a New York life class under a famous teacher the other day, and saw to my astonishment that while lots of the students had more skill than I, I had more than some of them. And when the teacher came round, I had a whole drawing ready to show him, from head to toe, and nobody told me I was unteachable. Perhaps life really does begin at fifty-two.

WASHINGTONIA

In the August 1 issue, Vogue artist Eric catches the spirit of minute-to-minute activities in Washington. You'll see his fine drawings of the President's press conference...of Senator Reynolds and a Black Watch officer waiting for admittance badges to the War Department...of Colonel Donovan at the F. Street Club... the AWVS canteen serving the War Department staff ...and Fulton Lewis, jr., lunching at the Hotel Carlton

August 1 Vogue, At Your Newsstand July 23

A WIT WITH A WHIM OF IRON

(Continued from page 47)

I scanned, fruitlessly, all the faces in the room. Finally—with his back two feet from mine—I discovered Herford—grey, retiring, modest—the field-mouse, par excellence.

With the exception of Edward Lear, Herford was, perhaps, the best of all limerick writers. Many of his are quotable; some indelicate; a few Rabelaisian. But, whatever their type, they were never mulled over, but emerged, spontaneously, from the mazes of his fecund brain. Booth Tarkington recently reminded me that, once, while sitting at The Players (everybody engaged in quoting limericks), Oliver entered the room unexpectedly. John Drew immediately made a challenging gesture toward Tarkington. "Here, Oliver," he said, "what could you do with *him*, in a limerick?" Herford paused not at all:

"There was a young feller called Booth,
Whose habits, at times, were uncouth;
Once, he sat a whole day
Drinking absinthes frappées,
Then tossed off six quarts of vermouth."

His limericks, however bold, were saved from vulgarity by their literary skill, the aptitude of their metaphors, and the avoidance of scarifying words. I am sorry that the sharp eye of the Editor will prevent my quoting a hundred or two such classics, and that I must, therefore, leave readers in doubt as to the final fate of the young lady of Exeter, so fair that all men craned their necks at her; or that I may not, since the proof-reading censors are everywhere, explain why it is that "the sexual desires of a camel are odder than anyone thinks, and include, in their fanciful orbit, illicit *amours* with the Sphinx...."

But most of Herford's limericks fell a good deal short of indelicacy. They were, as a rule, on a par with the following threnody:

"A lady, athletic and handsome,
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom;
When she offered much gold,
For release, she was told
That the view was worth more than the ransom."

When Henry Ward Beecher was still an issue in the public mind, Herford paid him this touching tribute:

"Said a great Congregational preacher,
To a hen, 'Why, you dear little creature!'
The hen, upon that,
Laid two eggs in a hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher."

At another time, on learning that *meles mephitica* was the scientific name for skunk, he wrote this tragic verse:

"Said a man to a meles mephitica,
'I'd give all I own for your pretty fur,'
Now, he'd barter a throne
For some eau de Cologne,
And all he can say is 'Gee, Whittaker.'"

At one time, Herford, as a bachelor, was living at the Hotel Grenoble, on Seventh Avenue—where Kipling so long hovered between life and death. Pressed for his bill, he said to the manager: "Really, if your bill is going to get any larger, I shall have to ask you for a larger room."

A friend, who ran a kennel of setters near the Meadow Brook Club, asked him to design a coat-of-arms for his letter-heads. The task was executed without delay; but several years passed before the kennel owner noticed that, across the shield, over a setter, rampant, Oliver had drawn a bend sinister.

As a young illustrator, he once sold a picture of a two-horned rhinoceros (with an appropriate verse) to William F. Clarke, the Editor of *St. Nicholas*. Herford had asked $35 for his double feature. When a check arrived for only $25, he borrowed the drawing from a clerk at the magazine and removed one of the horns from the rhinoceros. "I could not," he said, "in justice to an animal doubly favoured by God, permit him to be thus humiliated."

The details of his marriage are wholly in character. Here they are, as Cissie Loftus gave them to me.

One morning, in May, 1905, Miss Loftus' telephone rang. "How quickly can a man get married?" the voice said. "I mean, married, *right away?* Peggy has said 'yes,' but you know Peggy."

Miss Loftus, commanding him to call back in twenty minutes, rang up her lawyer, who, luckily, knew a Justice of the Peace. When Oliver again telephoned, she told him to bring his bride in an hour and a half.

"Oh, my God! I can't hold her *that* long!"

Peggy was so wobbly during the ceremony that it surprised Miss Loftus not a little that the marriage proved a remarkably happy one until the two died—only five months apart.

His wife was always tolerant of his foibles. She seemed, indeed, not only to condone, but sympathize with them: with his custom, for example, of never opening his Christmas cards until July. "It's so much nicer," he used to say, "when everybody else is complaining of the heat, I am having a bracing time looking at pictures of snow and reindeer and Donner and Blitzen and Santa Claus himself."

There is still another story; the last and most typical of them all.

The Herfords lived, for thirty years, at 142 East Eighteenth Street, which was then, and still is, the oldest apartment-house in New York, having been known as early as the 'Seventies, as "The French Flats," for the reason that the apartments in it had been arranged in the French manner; that is to say, all the rooms on one floor.

On July 5, 1935, as Oliver lay dying, his wife, his sister—Beatrice—, Ethel Watts Mumford (Mrs. Grant), and another feminine admirer had assembled in the room, hearing that the end might be near.

Herford opened his eyes, and, looking long at the ladies, beckoned to the doctor—a faint flicker in his eye. The doctor stooped low and put his ear to Oliver's lips.

"To think that I should die—the President of a Woman's Club...."

The effort proved too much for him; he sank back on his pillow, never to speak again.

ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE..

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- ✓ Keeps lips velvety soft.
- ✓ ANGELUS never appears *greasy*.
- ✓ The House of Louis Philippe always boasts of the latest, up-to-the-minute fashion shades. For devastatingly lovely lips—try ANGELUS "Patriot Red"—one of the clearest, most flattering and exciting reds ever created.

New size only 49¢ plus Federal Tax

Then use the corresponding ANGELUS Rouge and Face Poudre for *complete* matched makeup.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK-ROUGE-POUDRE-CREMES

THEY WORK IN WAR PLANTS

(Continued from page 56)

they're not supposed to talk to the men in the department during actual working hours. When women first started to work in the department, last year, the men used to kid them a good deal, but now they accept their presence calmly enough. In one of the Sperry buildings, the women workers are now so numerous that a sign has been put on the wall for their benefit. It reads, "The Girl Who Relaxes Helps the Axis."

The girl who doesn't relax

Nancy has struck up a friendship with the girl who sits next to her, a Brooklyn girl around her own age, and they often talk or sing as they work. When a certain number of ground parts have accumulated in the trays beside them, the girls get up and grease them. This keeps the metal from rusting, and also gives the girls a chance to stretch their legs.

For the first week or so that she was at Sperry, Nancy suffered from severe backaches, and her hands were so stiff from starting and stopping the machine that she used to drop everything she touched. Now she feels fine, and will show you, proudly, how the second and third fingers of her right hand are worn smooth on the inside by the friction of the machine.

To get an idea of the noise inside a factory turning out war matériel at top speed, meeting production quotas that would have been thought impossible a year ago, imagine the combined sound-effects of a hundred steam-shovels gone mad; a gang of riveters demolishing a concrete highway; and a good-sized rock-slide falling onto a corrugated-iron roof—all adding up to a grinding, clanking, chattering roar that sometimes rises to a screech. Where Nancy works, it is further complicated by the hoarse appeals of the inter-plant public-address system. At first she was bothered by all this, but now she doesn't even hear it.

Help wanted—female

Nancy got the job through answering a help-wanted ad in a New York paper. The want-ad led her to a private employment agency, where she was questioned at some length, without being told what the job opening was. The agency, finally dropping the mask, sent her to the Sperry personnel office in Brooklyn, which interviews as many as 1000 applicants for jobs in a morning.

Here Nancy took a combined intelligence- and mechanical-aptitude test, designed to reveal whether a girl who's never handled anything more functional than a lipstick will be able to perform simple mechanical operations. After this came a thorough physical examination by the company doctors, with particular attention to the eyes and the muscular reflexes.

Nancy also had to convince the interviewers that she was a native-born and loyal American citizen. A birth certificate is usually required to prove the first fact; Nancy's family couldn't find hers, but they unearthed and sent her baptismal certificate, which answered the purpose. (Nancy's family, incidentally, has gone through the reactions common to families of girls like Nancy: first amazement, then pride.)

Nancy was then officially hired. She was photographed and fingerprinted for the company's files; given a little book of regulations, saying what buildings, executives, and other facts about the company are not to be mentioned; and issued her identification badge, without which she couldn't enter the plant in the morning.

Nancy loves her job. Sometimes she says, with mild astonishment, "I've always liked books and music and artistic people, and now I'm a factory hand." But she likes the work itself; she likes the feeling that she is respected for the amount of work she can turn out; she likes, as any American would, the certain knowledge that she is helping to win the war. The eldest of her two younger brothers is in training for the Army Air Force, and Nancy often thinks with satisfaction that one of the instruments she works on may end up in his plane.

She gets up at six

About the only thing she doesn't like is the fact that, in winter, she almost never sees the sun, since it is dark when she gets up, at six A. M.; dark when she gets to the plant at eight, after the long subway ride from Manhattan; and dark again when she leaves. Since December 7, 1941, too, the windows in the plant have been sealed up and painted black on the outside and cream-colour on the inside, as a permanent blackout measure, so no daylight ever enters.

Nancy has been living in a furnished room on Lexington Avenue, and eating her meals out. But, as of the Memorial Day week-end, this arrangement has been changed by her marriage, after a longish engagement, to a young man who works for one of the Government agencies in New York. Now she lives in a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village, does her own cooking and housekeeping, and keeps on with her job at Sperry. For the wedding, she took, with her boss' approval, an unprecedented Saturday and Monday off. She got Sunday off that week anyway.

Nancy's case is typical, in many ways, of all the girls who have gone to work in war plants since Pearl Harbor. In one way at least, though, it is unusual; because Nancy has succeeded in getting a war job in New York City, where, according to Government employment agencies, war jobs are scarcer than almost anywhere else in the country. (New York has always been primarily a needle-trades centre, not a heavy-industry one; and the possibility that it will be bombed makes war industries view it with apathy.)

Elsewhere, though, the picture is brighter for women who want war jobs. It is brighter in Baltimore; and, farther afield, in Buffalo. It is brighter, automatically, in any part of the country where airplane or airplane parts are manufactured. According to a WPB survey of women in war industry, "The most encouraging reports received by the public employment service offices come from the aircraft firms."

Operations which women can and do perform in aircraft factories range from simple sheet-metal work, like riveting, to the most difficult and highest-paid of all, final assembly; and include such esoteric occupational classifications as Layer-Out and Masker, Spray Doper, and Woodworker Jig and Mock-Up Beginner.

Pat Hill of Lockheed

In July, 1941, the first women's class in aircraft manufacture ever held in the United States was started in Long Beach, California, where twenty-five rather flustered women began training in light airplane assembly work. Now, a year later, the great Southern California aircraft firms lead the country in the employment of women. Women work on all three shifts at the huge Lockheed and Vega bomber plants: the day shift, the swing shift—four-thirty to midnight—and the graveyard shift, from midnight to seven.

Among the Lockheed workers is Pat Hill, an attractive nineteen-year-old Pasadena girl with blond hair and a perpetual tan, whose life so far has involved school in France, travelling in Chile, and playing a good deal of tennis. She contributes the following notes about her new life:

"At Lockheed you have only one real mental exam, and that is really just a general I. Q. test. But besides this there is a Personality Quiz, which finds out with the aid of 300 questions what type of work you would be best suited for. Some of them are very amusing and personal, such as: Did you steal when you were young? When you are in a crowd do you think yourself superior to others? Will you lie to get out of a difficult situation? et cetera....

Plant—not factory

"We like to say that we work at a 'plant,' rather than a 'factory'.... The only shift on which you can really play after work is the swing shift. If your ambition is still alive, it's fun to go bowling or indoor ice-skating, or there is always a movie to see. All these places stay open especially for the workers on this shift—so it's a gay sight around town until about 4 A. M.

"Even if you have a car to come to work in they ask you to find out first at the transportation bureau of the plant who is driving your way and can give you a lift. Your 'ride' (as it's always called) usually picks you up at some convenient corner. You also see a great many women flitting by on motorcycles and motor-bikes.

"The girls all wear either slacks or coveralls—the latter are most practical, as they have so many useful pockets for tools. Ninety per cent. of the girls have chopped their hair off to a short bob, as it's more comfortable and easier to keep for work. Anything else would look like a mangy mop around factory dust and dirt. Gloves are a good protection against sharp tools and greasy machinery.... Goggles are only necessary when you are riveting above your eyes.

"In a place as huge as Lockheed, you have a chance to meet a varied and interesting mass of people.... It's very exciting being a part of such a tremendous industry, and you feel important with your identification badge pointing you out as one of the millions helping to win this war."

If you want to get a job in a war plant, the first step is to register at the nearest office of the United States Employment Service (USES), which has thousands of offices all over the country. (The one in Los Angeles is the biggest employment bureau in the world.)

The USES works closely with local plant personnel managers, who keep it informed of their needs, and with the U. S. Office of Education, which directs the Government-sponsored free training programs. These include the NYA courses, open to unemployed young people between seventeen and twenty-four; and, for adults, the pre-employment, supplementary, and refresher courses. Naturally, unemployed workers with any previous mechanical experience have first call on these, and you may find the ones in your district crowded to capacity.

Learn a skill

If you can invest some money in your training, in order to qualify for a more interesting and better-paid job, there are good private vocational schools. (There are bad ones, too; investigate any prospect, and find out whether or not it has a State license, before enrolling.) A representative good one is the Delehanty Institute, in New York, which has an efficient placement service for graduates. At Delehanty, a 250-hour drafting course costs $125; a 120-hour aviation riveting course, $100; a 100-hour assembly and inspection course, $95.

If you're a college graduate, or have a good grounding in physics, chemistry, or almost any form of mathematics, you may be eligible for one of the Office of Education's ESMDT courses—short for Engineering Science Management Defense Training. These courses aim to make the best use of young people with any technical or scientific background; are given at colleges and universities throughout the country; are open to girls with suitable qualifications; and are free. Your local USES office or Board of Education should know about this; or write to your own college placement bureau, or to the U. S. Office of Education in Washington.

Do's and don't's

Do stay where you are. The minute you leave home, except with the advice and sanction of your local USES office, you become a Migrant Worker, and a headache to everybody. War plants are urged to use up local labor supplies first, anyway, and in many of them you have to prove you're a resident of the county in which they're located before you can get a job.

Don't do anything about it unless you are really in deadly earnest—unless you are prepared to stick at whatever job you get for the duration of the war, or until you're no longer needed. The war plants are playing for keeps; they want workers, not part-time volunteers. If you quit after a few weeks or months, you waste not only the time it took to train you, but the time it will take to train your successor. And time—as huge signs in any war factory will tell you—is short.

WOMEN RUIN MUSIC

(Continued from page 52)

to be true, as well.

One day there came to see me, at the opera in London, a young artist, ambitious and attractive. She appeared to be nourishing some hidden melancholy, and I solicitously inquired the cause.

"I wish I were a real lady," she sighed, confidentially.

"What an idea," I exclaimed, aghast. "And if you were, what would you do?"

"Oh, heaps of things; but first I would come to rehearsals and leave just when I liked."

"But don't you want to be a real artist?" I asked.

"That would be very nice, of course, but it isn't quite the same thing, is it?"

So far I have spoken only of instrumental or absolute music, in which, up to the present time, my sex has reigned supreme; but, when I come to the vocal branch of the art, the boot is very much on the other foot. Here during the past two hundred years, women have acquired an undoubted ascendancy, mainly because of the invention and development of opera in every land. It was not so, of course, in those earlier days. Then women took no part in public representations of any sort, such a thing being unseemly, unsocial, and unchristian.

In the nineteenth century, who are the greatest singers whose names immediately occur to our memory? Are they men? Hardly ever. Those whom we think of without effort are Malibran, Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Patti, Melba, Ternina, Eames, and Sembrich; and, in more recent times, Bori, Farrar, Jeritza, Rethberg, and Flagstad. Occasional figures there are among the men who stand out like solitary stars, such as Maurel, de Reszké, and Caruso. But it is the women who bear off the palm all the time.

The composers of every country have recognized or been forced to accept this fact. It is significant that the most popular and successful operas in the modern repertoire are those in which the feminine rôle plays a dominant part; as, for example, "Carmen," "Manon," "Louise," "Mignon," "Faust," "Lakmé," "Aïda," "Lucia di Lammermoor," the "Daughter of the Regiment," "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "La Tosca," "Turandot," "Fidelio," "Salomé," "Elektra," and "Der Rosenkavalier."

Even in Wagner, it is generally the heroine rather than the hero who is the figure of interest. Senta and Elsa have much more vitality than the Dutchman or Lohengrin. Tannhäuser is a thrall to the alternating dominion of Venus and Elizabeth. Isolde is the dynamic force in his great love tragedy. And it is Brünnhilde who is the central figure of the tetralogy, rather than Wotan or Siegfried.

Today there is a small chance of this one-sided state of things being varied. For women on the whole do not appear to be less gifted and attractive than formerly, and decidedly the men are less so. Indeed, the vocal condition of my sex has sunk to a level lower than has been heard for generations, and it might be worth-while to institute an inquiry into the cause of it.

I can not, therefore, refrain from a mild expression of astonishment that American composers have so far insufficiently realized that the surest road to success in the theatre would be the creation of a type of native heroine who could hold her own in a romantic interest with those in other countries.

I do not like, and never will, the association of men and women in orchestras and other instrumental combinations. My beliefs nowadays may be looked upon as heretical or blasphemous. As a conductor, I always find myself cramped and embarrassed by the necessity of imposing upon my critical efforts during rehearsals a chilly politeness which accords ill with the exuberance of my impulses. My spirit is torn all the time between a natural inclination to let myself go and the depressing thought that I must behave like a little gentleman. I have been unable to avoid noticing that the presence of half-a-dozen good-looking women in the orchestra is a distinctly distracting factor. As a member of the orchestra once said to me, "If she is attractive I can't play with her, and if she is not then I won't."

THE $64 QUESTION

(Answers to questions on page 62)

1: Asia. 2: Vegetable. 3: Brigadier-General. 4: Michelangelo. 5: American historians. 6: Real. 7: Old Ironsides (U. S. S. Constitution). 8: David Copperfield. 9: Lieutenant Pinkerton. 10: Thomas Mann. 11: Queen Victoria. 12: Entomology. 13: Ankara. 14: New York. 15: Socrates. 16: Willie Baxter in *Seventeen*. 17: Julius Caesar. 18: J. P. Marquand. 19: Boston. 20: Winston Churchill. 21: Herbert Hoover. 22: Dick. 23: St. Helena. 24: A pound of ice (water expands to freeze). 25: Calvin Coolidge.

"DID YOU NOTICE?"

(Answers to questions on page 63)

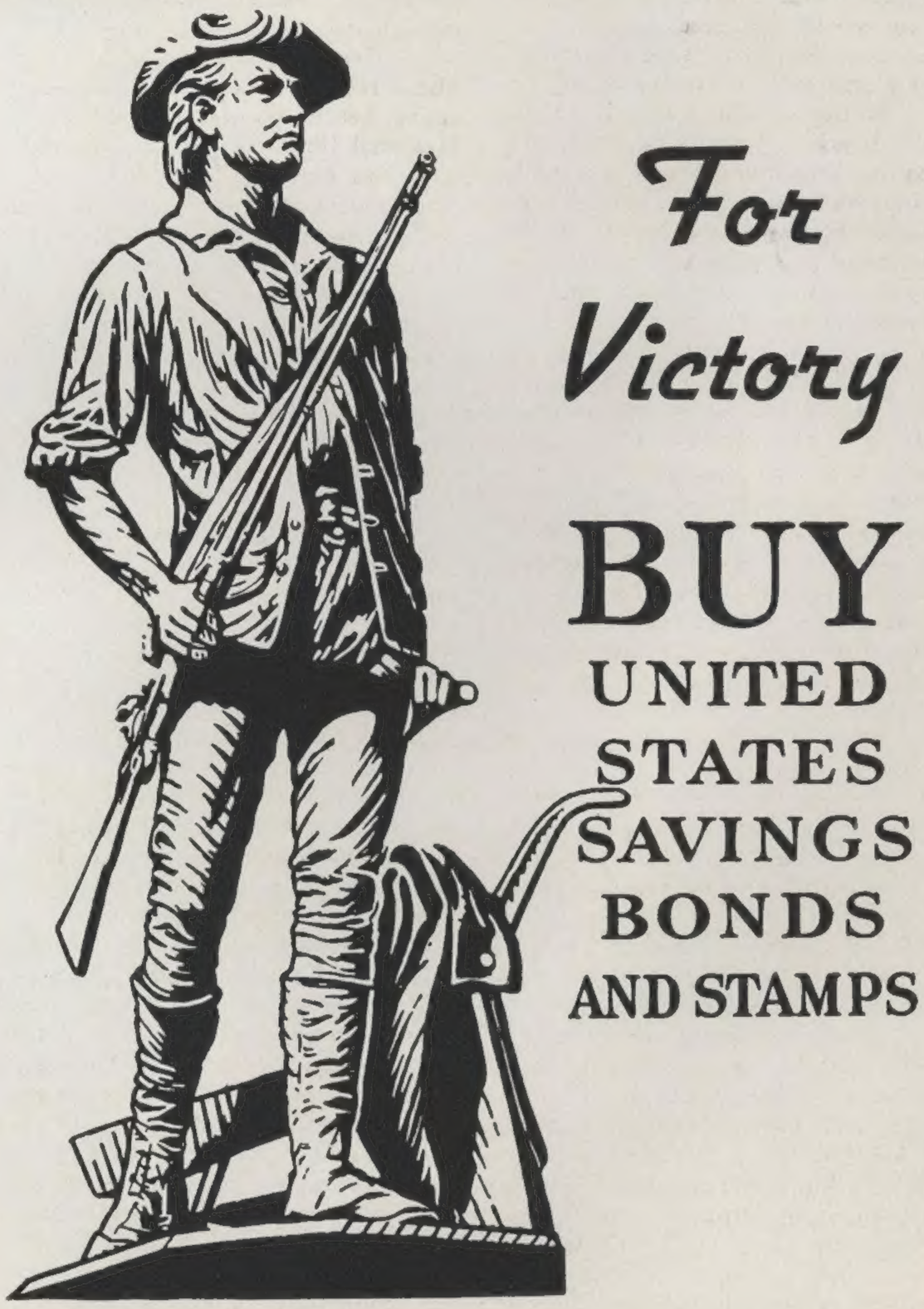
1. (a) Neither, he's leaning. (b) Yes, earrings. (c) Infantry. (d) No. (e) Yes, on the officer's cap. (f) Two. (g) Yes, note shadows.

2. (a) On a parapet. (b) Cotton string. (c) Ribbed. (d) Vertically. (e) Three. (f) Yes, signs on buildings. (g) One.

3. (a) No. (b) No. (c) No. (d) Left. (e) On the bench back. (f) Queensborough Bridge, and Welfare Island. (g) No.

4. (a) The one on the left. (b) Holding some nails. (c) Yes. (d) Two. (e) Two. (f) One. (g) R.B.W.

5. (a) Three. (b) No, note skyscrapers. (c) Can't be seen. (d) Three. (e) No, to the side. (f) White ruffle. (g) R. R. Bouché.



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ART AND CAMOUFLAGE

(Continued from page 37)

The academicians and the art schools were huffy and indignant.

Before World War I., the first semi-mechanical war, the appreciation of the public lagged so far behind the work of contemporaries that antique and historical paintings were looked at through modern spectacles; old-fashioned paintings with their old-fashioned frames were found on walls that were adventurous from an engineering point of view. Reproductions were so inadequate that art, to the average American, meant pictures in black and white or sepia—and a brilliant colourist like El Greco was believed to be sombre by those who had never been to Spain.

But in the case of Picasso and his French followers, the miracle took place. Picasso was concerned with destroying obvious outlines and creating form by the use of intersecting planes. As far back as Cimabue and Giotto, artists had made use of the implied continuation of lines. In a few centuries, this new element in composition made obsolete the old "coloured drawing" where areas were spread with more or less flat colours.

Constable, in painting grass, discovered that it would look greener if several greens were mixed in separate brush-strokes. Watteau found that strokes of red and yellow, unmixed on the palette, were blended into orange by the eye, resulting in an orange that was alive and did not stop the light as armour-plate stops a bullet. Delacroix applied this principle to reds and other colours. Monet and the Impressionists brought painting out-of-doors.

Picasso, however, for a new start, went back to coloured drawing, but a new kind of drawing that provided emphasis in the realm of form. His master was Cézanne, who was, up to that time, disdained and neglected except by the few who are impatient of academic constraint and are unable to take their painting, ready-made and guaranteed, from other generations. Picasso's first "Cubist" landscape was almost photographic. Fifteen years later, when it was reproduced side by side with a photograph of the village roofs, it "looked" like the model, but was much more solid and comprehensible than the product of the camera. These Cubist paintings later turned into camouflage technique.

It is too soon to figure out what the tendencies of the visual arts will be, resulting from World War II. The redemption of art, perhaps, will be a fruit of final victory, not for the few, but for everybody.

THE INFANT GOURMET

(Continued from page 53)

ever known loved to dip up fingerfuls of cake batter. Who was I to set myself apart from them?

The affair of the mango pickles was perhaps the most violent adventure in eating of my youth. It included crime, as well as the minor vice of gluttony, and yet I remember it with certain pleasure mixed with my shame. To escape a yellow fever epidemic, my sister and I had been sent to visit a crabbed bachelor uncle in the country. It was a wretched sojourn of homesickness and boredom, with not a bright spot except my visits to that stone crock of pickled mangoes in the cellar.

I do not know how pickled mangoes came by their name. Unpickled they are merely small green cantaloupes about the size of a billiard-ball, but from the minute they are thrown into strong brine and, later, filled with spicy stuffing and set to cure in a mixture of vinegar and olive-oil, they are mangoes. In the Deep South, they are looked upon as the last word in elegance. They are utterly delicious.

I can't recall how I discovered the big brown crock in the cellar or how I recognized immediately that it contained the enjoyment which up to that time had been so singularly lacking in my visit.

Mangoes are stuffed and then tied up with cotton thread to lie for weeks in a stone crock in their bath of vinegar and olive-oil. That is the way I found them in my uncle's cellar, and although I had never met them in the cotton thread state of *déshabillé*, I knew instinctively how to deal with them. When my uncle would retire to his room in the afternoon (I learned years later that he, too, indulged a shameful secret appetite) and the cook went to her cabin to rest her feet in a basin of cold water, I would creep down the cellar steps to the scene of my recurrent crime.

I had never tasted pickle of any kind before, and the spicy flavour of the crisp mangoes was not only unforgettably delicious, but mysteriously exciting. I never ate more than a small section at a time, and, as the binding thread had to be removed, the stuffing would gradually fall out, leaving a sad mess of minced cabbage and celery and spices floating about.

Other foods at other times cast their spell of warmth or excitement or well-being over my childhood. There was the thick, rich chocolate at Maillard's where my father used to take me on early visits to New York. I would sip the rich, over-sweet semi-liquid with exquisite delight, although I can not remember ever finishing even one tall, slender cup.

These days what I desperately crave on a cold, blustery afternoon is tea, yet even now I always recall the fat, good taste of the Maillard chocolate, and with a sort of nostalgic perversity I still wish I wanted that, rather than the tea.

In a recent issue of the English Wine and Food Quarterly, a contributor writes: "It is the sausage which first awakens the childish mind to the pleasures of the table." On reading this my quick impulse was to contradict so shocking a misstatement until I reflected that what the author really meant was that a sausage had first awakened *his* mind to the pleasures of the table. Probably no two infant gastronomes have ever travelled the same path. It makes little difference whether their ways lie via sausage or toddy.

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